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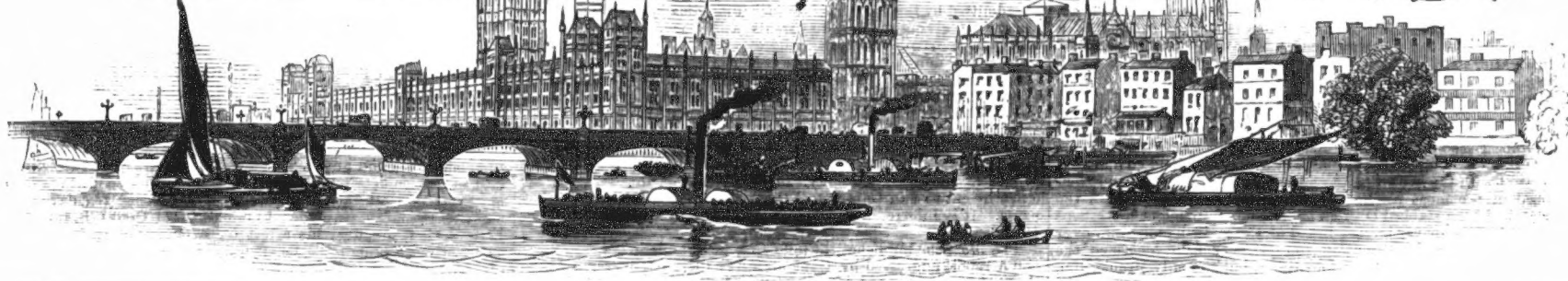
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PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 2.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



THE TRAGICAL OCCURRENCE AT STAFFORD. THREE CHILDREN DROWNED. (See page 21.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, information was received by Mr. C. J. Carttar, one of the coroners for West Kent, of the sudden death of Mr. Oswald Smith, of the firm of Smith, Payne, and Co., bankers, Lombard-street. It appears that the deceased, who was about fifty years of age, was walking in his garden, when he was observed to fall, and almost immediately afterwards expired.

On Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, a man named James O'Brien, a sailor, called at the detective police-station at Liverpool and informed Mr. Parkinson, the clerk on duty, that he had been robbed of five sovereigns in a house in Spitalfields. Mr. Parkinson took the report in the usual way, and made an entry of it in the books, and the man then went away. In about half an hour, however, he returned, accompanied by a girl, and asked if he could not have the assistance of the police, as "it was a hard thing that a man should work for his money and then have it taken from him." O'Brien after this said there were four or five women in the house who had his money between them, and if the police would not interfere, he would take his own course and obtain satisfaction by "finishing them all and himself afterwards," for he would not be robbed. Mr. Parkinson said if any violence was done he would have to bear the results, to which he replied, "I know that." After this O'Brien went direct to the house in Spitalfields, and commenced to quarrel with the keeper of the house who struck him, and was stabbed in the most fearful manner in the abdomen. When the woman had been stabbed O'Brien endeavoured to make his escape in a cab, but the driver having heard of the affair handed him over to the police. In the Bridewell the prisoner said he asked the woman for his money three or four times, but she only struck him, and he then stabbed her. When the woman was taken to the hospital her intestines were protruding from a fearful gash in the lower part of the stomach, and she now lies at the institution in a very precarious state. Some one brought information from the hospital that the woman was dead, and when the prisoner heard of it he remarked, "I thought she would not get over that."

On Saturday last an accident happened to a guard in the service of the Chatham and Dover Railway Company named Henry Maidment, which resulted in immediate death. The deceased was a guard on the goods train which arrived at Canterbury on Saturday morning, and was standing on one of the trucks holding on by a piece of iron, whilst some shunting was going on, when by some means he was jolted off, and fell on the rails, and before the carriages could be stopped, they passed over him completely smashing his head and chest. The deceased was twenty-six years old, a very steady man, and had been married six months.

From an early hour on Monday morning the town of Woolwich presented a scene of unusual animation, many thousands of persons having arrived to witness a review of troops and sham fight in the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. About ten o'clock the entire available force in garrison assembled on the Common, each corps with its band and colours, and took up a position near the Military Academy, twenty-five rounds of blank ammunition having been served out to each man. At a quarter past ten his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince Arthur and the Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, with a brilliant staff of field officers, arrived at the garrison, and were received by a royal salute from a battery of artillery stationed near the flag staff, on which the royal standard was hoisted. The battalion evolutions occupied about an hour. At eleven o'clock the infantry division commenced fire-firing, and the several evolutions of a sham fight were carried out during the afternoon. Their royal highnesses and staff then proceeded to the Royal Military Academy, the whole of the gentlemen cadets having assembled on the lawn fronting the building, under the command of Colonel Yorke, R.E., to carry out a series of manual-platoon and small arms exercise, which was performed in a manner which elicited special commendation. After inspecting this institution their royal highnesses proceeded to the Camp Barracks, near Shooter's-hill, occupied by the Military Train Corps, and from thence to the new Herbert Hospital now building on Kidbrook-common, which, when completed, will be one of the most extensive general military hospitals in the kingdom. Their royal highnesses then returned across the Common, and viewed the new military church near the barracks, which is now nearly completed, and having terminated their inspection of the various departments proceeded with a large retinue of field officers to the Royal Artillery officers' mess-room to partake of refreshments, the Foot Artillery band performing on the adjoining parade. Their royal highnesses left Woolwich in private carriages about half-past two o'clock.

On Saturday evening the Trinity corporation gave their annual entertainment at the Trinity House, Tower-hill. Previous to the dinner, a special court of the elder brethren was held for the purpose of swearing in Lord Palmerston, who, on Trinity Monday, was re-elected master of the corporation. The noble Premier, who was attired in the uniform of the ancient body and wore the riband, on arriving at the grand entrance was met in the hall by Captain Pigott, the deputy master, and several of the elder brethren, and at once conducted to the court-room. Lord Palmerston having been duly sworn in, and other matters gone through, the company repaired to the model room, where dinner was served up. Covers were laid for 112, and the tables were decorated with the fine pieces of gold and silver plate belonging to the corporation. The noble Premier presided as master of the brotherhood, supported by Captain Pigott. The honorary brethren wore the dress of the order.

FEARFUL CHILD MURDER IN SALFORD.—At the Salford police-court, before Mr. H. L. Trafford and the Mayor of Salford, a young woman named Elizabeth Benyon, twenty years of age, was placed in the dock charged with the wilful murder of her own child, a boy twelve months old. Sergeant Greenwood, of the county police force, said that from information he received he on the 18th inst. went to a house in Booles, where the prisoner had lodged. He saw the prisoner, and said, "Elizabeth, you have a child, have you not?" She replied, "I have had." Witness asked her, "What was it, and what time did you give it to a woman on Tuesday night, near Hulme church?" She was tall, and told me she lived at No. 2, Newton-street, Hulme." Greenwood told her he should have to look her up on suspicion of having destroyed the child, and about eleven o'clock the same night he spoke to the prisoner and told her that the story she had given was untrue. Prisoner then said, "I will tell you where the child is if you will not put me in the dock." Greenwood told her he could not make any promise of that kind, and the prisoner said immediately, "I put it in the water, and if you will go along with me I will show you where it was," and added, "I should never have done it but for a man who came along with me from Deansgate on the way home. He said I was to tie a stone round the child's neck, and throw them both into the river. I went to the river side, obtained a large stone and tied it round the child's neck, and threw it into the river, about two yards from the bank, near the Mill; a distant church clock at the same moment struck twelve. Greenwood accompanied the prisoner to the place where she mentioned, and she pointed out the place where she had thrown the child into the river, and where it was afterwards found. Witness found some pawn tickets on the prisoner relating to some baby's clothing. The prisoner, who seemed very deeply affected by her position, was then remanded.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Temps says:—

"Poland is decidedly slipping away from Russia. The most striking fact is not the incapacity, now completely demonstrated, of the Russians in the open field, but the powers of the occult National Government sitting at Warsaw in the very midst of the Russian bayonets. That Government works regularly; it has its newspapers; it imposes its taxes; and, what is more significant, it sends its summonses even to the Russians residing in Poland, and those persons consider it unsafe to not bow to them. One of these Russians could think of no better plan of avoiding payment of the tax levied upon him than that of quitting the country. These significant facts are admitted by the Russian *Invalid*. The same journal, under the pretence of giving a lesson to parents and teachers, acknowledges that young people, 'almost children,' it says, are leaving their colleges to join the insurgents. Nor is this all. The National Government has ordered all the Polish officers in the Russian army to quit the service, and to act as becomes true patriots. Acting upon these orders several very distinguished officers of the garrison, and amongst them, General de Berg's own nephew, at once disappeared. Such symptoms speak for themselves, and need no comment."

The France says that when Juarez learned the fall of Puebla, he signed a decree, dated May 20, transferring the seat of his Government to San Luis Potosi, the capital of the province of that name. It is inferred that he does not mean to defend the city of Mexico.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following in its bulletin:—

"A report addressed by General Forey to the Emperor, adds to those already published some curious details. On the 2nd of May the Mexican captain of the quarter of Santa Inez demanded a parley. General Douay having sent Lieutenant Tulpin, the latter was arrested, conducted into the presence of the officer commanding, whom he found to be an Italian refugee, and threatened with death. General Ortega, however, being informed of the fact, had Lieutenant Tulpin conducted back to the lines, and the guilty captain punished for this treacherous trick. General Forey states, however, that the speeches of MM. Jules Favre and Picard, translated into Spanish, were found by thousands in the places which fell into the hands of our soldiers."

A Paris letter says:—

"Mr. Slidell, the Confederate envoy resident in Paris, had a very long conference with the Emperor at the Tuileries yesterday morning. His Majesty sent for him as soon as he was up, kept him to a *tele-a-tete* breakfast, and did not part company with him till the ministers were assembled in council and waiting for their Imperial chairman. This incident will naturally impart additional credit to the rumour that interference with the United States is likely to be one of the consequences of the fall of Puebla."

In reference to this rumour M. Drouyn de l'Huys' office speaks, through its organ, the *Pays*, in the following haughty but oracular language:—

"Neither with regard to the United States or Russia has our policy been in any way hampered or restrained by the Mexican expedition. That policy is invariable, and guided by the requirements of our own dignity, interests, and legitimate influence in the world. If there shall be any change in that policy, it will be only on account of new eventualities, new necessities which may call for a different line of conduct from that which we have heretofore pursued. But our recent victory at Puebla will no more be the occasion of any such change than the protraction of the siege would have been an impediment had a change been judged desirable."

A Paris letter, in a contemporary, has the following statement in reference to the probability of a war between France and Russia:—"Great news. The French Government is preparing for war. The officers of the garrison are wild with excitement. Orders were yesterday received at the arsenal of Vincennes to place on the full war footing and prepare for immediate service three batteries of 12-pounders (twelve guns) and 100 artillery waggons. 12-pounders being only employed as the reserve of field artillery, implies similar preparations for the artillery of cavalry and infantry division (i.e., rifled 4-pounders). There are no rifled field-guns of small calibre at Vincennes; and the arsenals of Metz, Strasbourg, and Lille have been charged with preparing the complement of divisional field-guns required. Three batteries of the reserve generally form the artillery support of a *corps d'armee* of three divisions (say 40,000 men). This news is no secret in military circles, but it has not yet transpired among the public. You can have no idea of the excitement produced at Vincennes when the order arrived there last night. The news was speedily communicated to the officers of the regiments quartered in Paris, and it created immense sensation. The officers at Vincennes think that war will probably break out before the month of July is over, and boast that the French army will be ready for any emergency before that time."

PRUSSIA.

The Prince and Princess of Prussia continue their tour in Eastern Prussia, and have been at Tilsit, Memel, Gumbinnen, Osterburg, and a variety of other places,—received in many of them, owing to the depressing circumstances of the time, without any public ceremonies or rejoicings, but in all with indications of cordial respect on the part of the inhabitants.

MEXICO.

A San Francisco letter says:—"The advance of the French army is at Cholula, six miles beyond Puebla, on the way to the capital. The Mexicans are much embittered against the French. All the Frenchmen in the city have been ordered to leave within eight days. The Mexicans are determined to defend the approaches to their capital to the last, and drive the invaders from their country back. Great enthusiasm prevails among them to engage in the coming struggle, notwithstanding the disaster which befel the heroic garrison at Puebla."

AMERICA.

Advices from Vicksburg say the siege operations are continued. One division of General Grant's army was on the west side of Black River bridge watching General Johnston, who appeared there on the 1st and 2nd inst. with 5,000 troops, but afterwards retired. General Johnston is reported to have altogether 18,000 men, but no artillery. Communication between Generals Grant and Banks is kept up along the Louisiana shore.

The New Orleans Express, in its account of the attack on Port Hudson, says:—

"While an occasional shot was being fired, before the battle commenced in its more deadly fury, speculations were rife as to the manner in which the 2nd Louisiana black troops would act during the conflict. They had been placed in the rear, with white troops leading them. General Banks, however, in order to test their military capacity, ordered them to the front. The negroes at once rushed to the assigned point, and in the midst of the battle they proceeded to gain the rebel position opposite to them. They rushed in a body, after the parapets and siege guns, and reached the interior of the fort, in spite of the opposition of a large number of rebels. The presence of the black soldiers inside, not less than the probability of the new strategy, had made the stronghold, seemed to create a spirit of heroism in the negroes. They left their guns at all points, and rushed to the quarters where the negroes had prepared to make a vigorous struggle. The whites and blacks, in a moment, had a hand to hand conflict unprecedented for its ferocity. The negroes in the conflict were soon disarmed, and in defending them-

selves they rapidly used the weapons of savage humanity. In every position in which the struggle placed them they fought with their teeth, biting their assailants in every available part of the body, kicking and scratching them. Soon, however, they had to succumb, the bayonet, the trigger, the revolver, and merciless hands on their throats doing the work for them with fearful fatality. It may be here noted, as a key perhaps to other battles, that the presence of the black troops made the rebels in the forts almost as ferocious as the blacks. In the attack the enemy did not content himself in wounding the Africans; of 800, 600 were killed at once; when one was wounded, the assault was repeated till he died. Finding themselves thus overpowered, about 200 of the negro troops rushed to the siege guns, jumping headlong over the walls, and were saved."

President Davis has revoked the exequatur of the British consul at Richmond for disregarding the legal authority of the Confederate Government in assuming to act as consul for other cities than Richmond, and other States than Virginia.

OUTRAGE UPON ENGLISHMEN IN SOUTH RUSSIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Levant Herald* writing from Odessa on the 5th says:—"An outrage has just been committed on a couple of Englishmen in South Russia which I appeal at once to you to bring to the notice of her Majesty's Government and to that of the home press and public. The facts—which it is impossible to report in precise detail, though my information as to them is of the most certain kind—are shortly as follows. About ten days ago a party of Cossacks proceeded to the estate of Count Branitzki, of Biatochki, to effect his arrest on a charge of insurrectionary complicity. Though the count quietly submitted to be arrested, the party subjected him to brutal insult and violence, and half-pilled the chateau besides. Amongst the servants—nearly all of whom came in for a share of their master's ill-treatment—were two English gardeners, named Douglas and Cunliffe. These the ruffians seized, stripped, and nearly flogged to death, and finally dragged off with them, with their arms tied behind their backs. The poor fellows have since been thrown into prison at my information states, Saratoff, where the count is also incarcerated. It is not pretended that the victims of this brutal outrage were in any way implicated in the alleged offence of their master; but they were unprotected Englishmen, and that was enough to entail on them the savage violence I have mentioned. I know not if our local consul-general have taken any steps in their behalf; but whether or not, the matter is one for the home papers, and for Mr. Hennessy, or some other independent parliamentary friend of Poland, to make the use of it which it justifies."

DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

On Saturday, Lord Stanley and the rest of the provisional committee recently formed for the erection on a large scale of comfortable and commodious houses for the working classes in the metropolis, and at reasonable rents, held a meeting at the Mansion House with a view to further the project, which, it will be recollected, is to be carried out by a public company on the principle of limited liability, and with a large capital, calculated to yield a return of five or six per cent. On taking the chair, Lord Stanley reminded the meeting of what had taken place at their previous conference, and stated that a sum was now subscribed sufficient in the opinion of the committee to render it advisable to commence operations forthwith. The capital, he added, was coming in very rapidly, and the principal business then before them was to appoint directors for the purpose of carrying on the business. Alderman Waterlow explained that 20,000 of the proposed capital (50,000) in 100 shares had already been subscribed; and afterwards, on his motion, the meeting proceeded to the election of directors, with power to complete the formation and registration of the company—viz., Lord Stanley, Mr. Henry Edwards, Alderman Waterlow, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Alderman Finnis, who were empowered to add to their number two other duly qualified shareholders. It was then arranged that as soon as the necessary articles of association could be prepared for the signatures of the shareholders the erection of the proposed dwellings should be at once commenced, and the directors intimated that they would be glad to hear of building sites in densely inhabited districts of the metropolis. On this point Alderman Finnis alluded to the propriety of communicating with the various City companies and the governors of metropolitan charities, most of whom were possessed of large landed properties. It was also mentioned that for the present all communications and contributions to the share list of the company might be made to Alderman Waterlow, Carpenters' Hall, London-wall. The following subscriptions were announced, and which, it was said, were exclusive of several promises of support in other influential quarters:—Mr. Henry Edwards, £5,000; Mr. Alderman Finnis, £2,000; Mr. Samuel Morley, £2,000; Mr. Alderman Waterlow, £2,000; Mr. Travers Buxton, £500; Mr. J. Gurney, £1,000; Lord Stanley, M.P., £1,000; Mr. William Ellis, £1,000; Mr. E. J. Coleman, £1,000; Mr. George Hawkins, £500; Mr. John Knight, £1,000; Mr. George Rivington, £400; Mr. W. J. Thompson, £500; Mr. M. E. Rodocanachi, £200; Mr. E. M. Rodocanachi, £200; Mr. Francis Bullivant, £500; Mr. H. Cunningham, £200; Rev. R. E. Bartlett, £100; Mr. N. Henry Stevens, £100; Mr. Russell Gurney (Recorder of London), £100; Mr. J. Benomi, £200; Mr. J. Kemp Welch, £500.

On learning the capture of Puebla, the Pope ordered twenty-one guns to be fired from the Castle of St. Angelo.

DRESSMAKING AND DEATH.—An inquest was held at the St. James's workhouse, before the deputy coroner for Mr. Bedford, relative to the death of Mary Anne Walkley, aged twenty years, who at the time of her decease was in the employ of Madame Elise, Court dressmaker, 170, Regent-street. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased, who was of a somewhat delicate constitution, and who worked in a room with nearly thirty others, was taken ill on Friday week, and on the following Sunday night became much worse, when medical assistance was called in. Remedies having been administered, she appeared to fall asleep, and her bed-fellow, Miss Santrey (who was examined as a witness), retired to rest with her, but on awakening in the morning was shocked to find her companion dead by her side. A post-mortem examination was made by Mr. Keys, of Warwick-street, who deposed that death resulted from apoplexy, and stated, in answer to the coroner, that long hours of work in a crowded apartment, and sleeping in a close, badly ventilated room, would have a great tendency to produce the symptoms which he described. Mr. Clarke surgeon, of Gerrard-street, concurred in the evidence of Mr. Keys. He described the bed-rooms, which were divided by partitions into small compartments, as just large enough to contain two beds placed end to end. If, as had been stated, there were two young women in each bed, he considered they were decidedly unfit places for any one to sleep in, and more particularly in the state of health in which the deceased had been. Mr. Bush, who had attended the deceased during the unavoidable absence of his principal, Mr. Keys, expressed his opinion that the rooms in which the deceased died were overcrowded and badly ventilated. The jury returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased died of apoplexy; but there is too much reason to fear that her death was greatly accelerated by working long hours in a crowded workroom, and sleeping in a close badly ventilated bed-room."

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES AND SPIES IN POLAND.

We take the following from a Lemberg letter, dated June 14:—
 "The news which reached us from the Russian Polish provinces was so uncertain that I determined to proceed thither and investigate the truth for myself. I returned yesterday, after an absence of three weeks, with the profound conviction that the policy there pursued by the Russian Government is the most iniquitous which exists at this moment on the face of the whole earth. I gladly believe that the Czar is as unacquainted as we are in England with the miseries which his lieutenants inflict on the unfortunate inhabitants; but surely his ignorance does not acquit him of the guilt. Just as the Pope is a tool in the hands of Antonelli, so is Alexander II in the hands of his ministers, and, as weakness is the greatest crime in a monarch, so will these two have to answer for an inconceivable amount of wickedness. I have taken particular pains to inquire into the private life of the Emperor Alexander, and am convinced that he bears far too high a character among us. Most weak-headed persons are subject to fits of good nature, if I may call that 'nature' which only comes over a man from time to time. But, on the other hand, they are afflicted with counterbalancing fits of spite, the almost invariable concomitant of weakness. So is it with the Emperor Alexander; when his good nature is uppermost he publishes an ukase of which he probably will have repented before the time for executing it arrives. His lieutenants in the distant provinces of the empire are consequently quite unaware in which way they will best please their master, whether by neglecting or executing his orders, and so the unfortunate inhabitants are left to be dealt with according to the caprice of the governor of the province. This state of things is further explained by the unfortunate habit of drunkenness contracted by the Emperor Alexander. While his enemies assert that he is never sober, his friends admit that he is a hard drinker. This may appear to some persons a frivolous point, but when the happiness or misery of millions of human beings depends on the will of a single individual, it is at least interesting to know whether that individual is drunk or sober when he disposes of his people. Whether with or without the knowledge of the Emperor, I repeat that the policy pursued in Volhynia, Podolia, and Ukraine, is diabolical in the extreme. If Mr. Gladstone were to make a journey of a few weeks through those provinces, and were to give the world the benefit of his experience, as he did in the case of the Neapolitan prisons, I will venture to say that such a storm of indignation would be raised in Western Europe against Russian brutality, that the respective Governments in England and France would no longer be able to resist the pressure of public opinion. Unfortunately Russian Poland is not a pleasant lounging place, where overworked statesmen can sun themselves through the winter, and devote their spare morning hours to the miseries of an oppressed people. It is one thing to write of the squalor and filth of the prison of St. Elmo in a cheerful room, with your windows looking out on the Bay of Naples, and another to be subjected to the insolent effrontery of Russian officials, which only a bribe will change into cringing servility, deprived of every comfort, not even getting sheets to your bed, to say nothing of the painfulness of travelling hundreds of miles in carts without springs in a country where there are no roads. To raise the thick veil which hangs over the iniquities of the Russian Government in Poland, the traveller must be content to put up with every discomfort—nay, more, what is far worse, to be taken for a spy wherever he goes; and not only by the Russians, but by the Poles, too; and how painful this last sensation is to endure for one who sincerely sympathizes with the people, must be felt, for it cannot be imagined. And yet you cannot be surprised at this state of things, when you reflect that the Government uses every means in its power to betray landed proprietors into compromising themselves, and that Russian spies swarm in every direction, speaking all languages indifferently well. I was myself particularly struck with the fact that, on the first occasion I met a Russian gentleman, as I took him to be at the time, at dinner at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, he did not speak a word of English, whereas the second day he spoke it very well. My host and I conversed freely in English the first day, while the Russian listened, apparently not understanding a word we said, addressing occasional remarks in French to both of us. The second day he was weak enough to begin speaking to me in English, and my surprise, you can easily imagine, was intense. I have not the least doubt the fellow was a spy, although I must do him the justice to say that his manners were most gentlemanly, and that I should have everywhere taken him for an Englishman. It is exceedingly rare to meet a Russian in a Polish house, except in the case of the intermarriage of Russian and Polish families, of which very few instances exist."

The following is an extract from a Wilna letter:—

"The arrival of General Mouravieff in our town as military governor has been marked by the unlimited powers conferred upon him, which, in order to stifle the insurrection, he is allowed to exercise without any reference being made to the authorities at St. Petersburg. More than one thousand of the landed proprietors have been imprisoned in the casemates, and preparations are being made for those arrested in Grodno, for which purpose the sequestered convents in Wilna have been assigned. The general refuses to see any one, and is so afraid of being poisoned that he has engaged a confidential cook, who eats his dinner with him. The priest Izor has been shot in the market-place for having read from the pulpit the manifesto of the National Government to his parishioners. Considering that at the time there were no more than fifteen persons in the church, this cruel sentence on an ecclesiastic causes the greatest possible indignation. Another priest, of the name of Ziemiecki, and a landed proprietor, Laskiewicz, suffered the same fate. General Mouravieff has decided that, for the sake of example, there should be three executions weekly on the market days, and says that he has plenty of candidates. Those days are selected with a view to making a deep impression on the country people. Two executioners have been sent from St. Petersburg, and the gallows are erected permanently. To the troops that have been despatched in search of the insurgents it is particularly enjoined that they should make no prisoners, but finish them either with bayonets or the butts of their muskets. In a word, the terror now introduced by General Mouravieff is such as to produce despair in the heart of every one, and the worst is expected."

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.—The annual meeting of the governors and friends of this institution was lately held at the Dispensary, Dean-street, Soho-square. The Rev. T. Davis Lamb, rector of West Hackney, occupied the chair. The report set forth the claims of the institution on the ground of the great good it had effected since its establishment in 1816. A legacy of £59 had been received from the executors of the late Peter Anderson, of Edinburgh. The number of patients had increased during the year from 2,052 to 2,611; and those discharged cured from 516 to 562. On the motion of Mr. Clarke the report was adopted. This institution is highly entitled to public support, and we trust that this appeal will be liberally responded to by those benevolent individuals who so abound, and whose chief delight consists in doing good to their fellow creatures. Votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, and to Mr. Harvey, the surgeon, and the meeting terminated.

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FIGHTING IN AMERICA.

The following details of the fight at Port Hudson are from the New Orleans correspondence of the *New York Herald*:—

"New Orleans, June 1.

"A great mystery hangs over the fight at Port Hudson on the 27th ultimo. Nothing concerning it is allowed to be published in any of the papers of this city, and no official information can be had from any one on the subject. Admittance to the hospitals is also refused, and although the wounded men have been arriving here in large numbers, we have been thus far unable to obtain their names or condition. Why this secrecy is observed is to all surprising. From all that can be obtained concerning the fight it is evident that our lines are well advanced from where they were, and that we suffered no repulse except on the left, and that was of no great importance excepting the loss of killed and wounded. The whole course pursued in the late affair leads the secession portion of our community to think that General Banks has met with a disastrous defeat, and they do not hesitate to express the opinion. If it were not that I know to the contrary I certainly should think in the same manner; for I cannot understand the policy of keeping everything so very quiet, unless it is for the reason that we do not wish the enemy to know the loss we have sustained. The friends and relatives of the many thousand men who compose the nineteenth army corps must not blame the press if they do not receive information concerning those dear to them, but the authorities, who deem it best that nothing should be said about the matter. I can imagine the anxiety for news from this department when the intelligence reaches the North of the late desperate fight, and would gladly do all I can to relieve it, but it is out of my power at present for the reasons above stated. All accounts agree in stating that the attempted assault on the left was most desperate. The bravery exhibited by the 6th Michigan, 128th New York, 2nd Battalion Zouaves, and 2nd Native Guards, was never excelled, and but seldom equalled. The assault was led by General W. T. Sherman, commander of the division, in person, and it was here that our greatest loss occurred. When the details of this affair are given to the public they will afford one of the most brilliant chapters ever written in military history, so far as the bravery of the assaulting column is concerned. I have it from authority that cannot be questioned, that General Sherman, with the eye of a military man, seeing how utterly hopeless the attempt would be, and knowing the frightful loss of life that would occur, protested against the plan of attack, but all to no purpose, the order being peremptory. Forming his division into three lines, and leading them himself, this gallant and trusty soldier moved against the immensely strong fortified position of the enemy, feeling all the time that he was attempting an impossibility. The result proved him correct, for although some of his command crossed the ditch, passed the abatis, and reached the parapet, and planted their colours thereon, but few of them returned to tell the tale. The general was borne from the field in the arms of his orderly, with a terrible wound, and his command fell back to a position not subjected to the terrible fire of the enemy. As an illustration of how desperate the fighting was, and how much our gallant fellows had to encounter, I give a copy of a letter written by the lamented Colonel Bean, of the 4th Wisconsin, who fell on the 28th. His description is in regard to the fight of the 27th. He says:—

"I will give you the first day of the battle of Port Hudson. It is the morning of the second day on which I write. I came off the field last night after the battle had ceased, crippled so that I was just able to make my way a few rods to a horse. I lamed myself by some violent exertion, jump, or fall in the abatis—when or how I do not recall, so that my leg is stiff and I cannot walk. I wrote you from Simmsport when I received —'s letter. We marched from that place to Bayou Sara, then crossed the river and marched here. Here we found ourselves in a dense Southern forest, one mile and a half through, our pickets and the enemy's meeting mid-way. The day before we had driven them so far in, losing one hundred men killed and wounded. On the farther edge of the forest, there are a series of deep ravines, beyond high bluffs. On these bluffs the enemy's forts are built—strong redoubts, flanking each other; covered and connected by rifle pits. There is a cleared space in front of the forts of six to ten hundred yards, the trees having been felled so as to form a formidable abatis. Our negro regiments had cut a road through the forest for our artillery as far as our pickets extended. At four o'clock in the morning we marched in line, driving in the enemy's pickets, and in a few moments were falling on their infantry in rifle pits this side of their abatis, driving them through it over into their forts. When we commenced the march we were in three lines, and two were in front of my regiment. When we got through it I was in front of everything. We pressed down through the abatis and halted on a crest of hills within near rifle shot of the breastworks. Of course when we got through there was the most inextricable confusion, and it was the diligent and excessive work of hours to bring the regiments together and into line again. The abatis and woods were filled with stragglers, comrades, and men looking for their regiments. I finally succeeded in getting my men and a hundred others, hopelessly separated from their commands, organized and in position, and, as I said before, in the very front of the whole army. Of course it took time to make our way through the abatis, and we were under the murderous fire of ten or twelve cannon and of all the infantry in the rifle pits. I cannot give any description of this fire, because, as at Baton Rouge, I was perfectly unconscious of it, and didn't hear a cannon ball or a rifle shot whiz, though the men were fast falling on every side of me. My anxiety to press my regiment forward, and to keep it in order, wholly absorbed me. But during those few fatal moments in which we were crawling over and under the felled trees and through the branches, some of my best men fell. Captain Orsion was hit with a musket ball, not mortally I hope, and the poor fellow lay there among the trees bleeding like an ox, laughing at his wound and cheering on his men. Captain Heron had his leg knocked off. It has since been amputated and life is questionable, and he lies on his bed crying, now for his leg, and now that he did not get into the forts. Lieutenant Pierce, of the same company, was shot in the arm, but seemed quite consoled when I told him the regiment was ahead of everything. Lieutenant Ohlittenden was hit in the breast; how badly I do not know. Our whole loss during the day was about seventy killed and wounded, and 300 was all I took on the field. Having passed the worst abatis, and finding shelter for the men under the crest of the hill, I halted, and in half an hour the men drove away the gunners from their pieces and silenced every cannon but one—that being out of range—nor dare a man of the rebels show his head above the breastworks. The number of their killed and wounded must have been great before they abandoned their guns. I have just been reading in the *Herald* of the 7th of the battle of Chancellorsville, and of the attack made on Saturday by the rebels on Sykes' division of regulars, the rebels outnumbering them three to one; of the terrible fire and thinned ranks and courage beyond comprehension of our men in withstanding the fierce attack, and no doubt it was a fine thing; but the whole division, it states, lost only 150 men, while my single regiment lost half that number in the same time, and their spirit, dash, and good humour rose every moment. My admiration for my men is beyond bounds."

"The above exceedingly interesting letter was found in the colonel's portfolio, and was unfinished. It gives a better idea of the severity of the fight than any other account we have, and shows how much our forces had to encounter. There is a tale yet to be told regarding the assault, and I doubt not it will go to prove

that the lives of our gallant men have been sacrificed in order to accomplish in a day that which, according to military science, should have taken a much longer time. It will require the use of the spade, to which our people of the North are so much opposed, before Port Hudson can be taken. This fact should have been discovered at first; had it been, the lives of many brave fellows would have been saved, and but little time lost. Port Hudson will fall, that is certain, but it will take a few days before we are ready to compel the enemy to surrender. It is closely invested. Our men are under its formidable works, and not a spider can enter or escape without detection. A sortie cannot be attempted, and no force can raise the siege. I had hoped to have sent you the information by the steamer of to-morrow that Port Hudson was in our possession, but I am better satisfied to wait a few days longer, in order to know that when it is next attacked it will be with entire success, than to have to chronicle another assault in which we were repulsed with frightful slaughter."

A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

In the Divorce Court, in the case of Massey v. Massey, the petitioner, who was Miss Caroline Sarah Turner, was married to the respondent, Nathaniel William Massey, on the 21st of June, 1860. He was a captain in the 30th Foot. There had been one child of the marriage, and the cohabitation lasted till July, 1862. The petitioner sought a dissolution on the ground of her husband's cruelty and adultery.

The principal evidence in support of the former charge was that of Mrs. Massey herself. She said: Our marriage was a private one, and was kept secret from our respective families. I lived with Captain Massey at various places in England till the 16th of July, 1861, when he went with his regiment to Canada. At the time of my marriage I had £1,100 in money, £1,700 in Canada bonds, and upwards of £4,000 in India bonds, all of which I gave up to him at various times. Captain Massey returned from Canada in June last. I lived with him till July, 1862, when we left London. On our way from London to Newhaven I saw Captain Massey put something into the guard's hand that we might have the carriage alone. I said I thought it was pleasant to have some one with us; and he replied, "I dare say you do," and used most abusive language to me. He also struck me with the back of his hand in the face. From Newhaven, we crossed over to Dieppe; and on the morning of the 17th he beat me with a strap, he struck me with a pillow, and used abusive language. I called out for mercy, and he then stopped. He then went down to breakfast. After a time he came back and asked me why I did not get up. I told him that I could not move, and I asked him to let me rest. He took up the strap again, but seeing that I was already marked with it he did not strike me. On the 19th he went to Paris, and stayed at the Hotel de la Prie. I went into hysterics on account of his treatment of me. He took me up and threw me from one end of the room the other; put me on the sofa and tried to stifle my screams by putting his hand on my mouth. He then opened one of my eyes and put some eau de Cologne in it. On the 21st we went to Havre. There he threw water into my face. He abused every member of my family, and said that his mother despised me. I said that she did not more than I despised her. Captain Massey left me at Havre. I showed the servant at the hotel the marks which he had given me by blows and pinching. On his return the servant told him I had been very dull. When she left the room he complained of my speaking to her. He struck me several times at Havre, and spat in my face. He told me that I was mad, and that I was a lunatic. On one occasion when he came in he found me with Mrs. Atkins, and he said that he would not have me speaking to anybody. He then told me to ring the bell. I said that as he was so near it, he could do it himself. He then strode across the room, dragged me off the seat, put the bell-rope into my hand, and made me ring it. He finished by pulling my nose and ears. The same night he called me by his bedside and told me to sit down. He said, "Now, Caroline, I think you will own that I have succeeded in treating you very cruelly since I have been with you on the Continent." I said, "Yes, you have succeeded." He then said, "Now listen to me. It is not in my power to treat you more cruelly than I have done; but if you don't sign a paper that I want you to sign you shall go with me to Trueville on Friday, and undergo tortures that you have not yet suffered. You shall be treated as a lunatic, have a nurse, and a doctor shall come to see you twice a week. I shall give you a month of that treatment, and if you don't sign the paper at the end of that time, I will put you in a lunatic asylum, and give the physician £1,000 when he tells me of your death. I will give you till nine o'clock to-morrow morning to say whether you will sign or not." I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Surely, you cannot be so wicked!" He clenched his fist, and said, "By all the powers of heaven and hell I will! I have never yet been balked." The next morning the paper was prepared. He made me write a part of it and sign it. I afterwards destroyed it. He left me again alone, and I quitted Havre without seeing him again.

Mrs. Massey's evidence was corroborated by the servant to whom she had shown her bruises.

Hugh Sherry, a bootmaker, at Honfleur, knew Mr. Massey very well, the Hon. Mr. Massey having done him a great service in a pecuniary matter. In July, 1862, Capt. Massey came to him, told him that he was married, and asked him to engage apartments for him, as well as a nurse for his little boy, whom he called "Nat." Captain Massey could speak very little French. Saw Madame Massey, and treated her with all the respect due to a legitimate lady. He called her "Nelly." She was not the petitioner.

This part of the case was supported by a diary which had been kept by the respondent, and of which the petitioner had obtained possession. There were entries in it showing that the writer was at Honfleur with "Nelly" at the time deposed to.

Sir C. Cresswell said the learned doctor had abundantly proved his case. Sometimes it was fortunate, as exposing the character of such a man as this, that he should go through the extraordinary operation of recording his own iniquities to the extent he had done in the diary. There must be a decree nisi with costs; and the respondent must secure to the petitioner the sum of 3,200l. represented by Canadian bonds, at present in the custody of Messrs. Cox, the army agents, to be settled on her for her life, and afterwards upon her child, according to a deed to be prepared by one of the conveying counsel of the Court of Chancery. The petitioner also to have the custody of the child.

DREADFUL MURDER IN DUNDEE.—On Sunday morning, about four o'clock, some of the residents in Gibb's Land, Small's-wynd, Dundee, were alarmed by William S. Grant, a clerk in the employment of Mr. Alexander Stephen, shipbuilder, Dundee, knocking at their door and informing them that his wife was lying dead in the house. On proceeding with him she was found lying on her back across the threshold of the bedroom door, stiff and stark, and on a post mortem examination it was found that she had been most foully murdered, every rib in her body being broken, and her lungs and bowels much contused. The unfortunate woman had been, it is said, a confirmed drunkard for years, and her husband was rendered miserable by her. On Saturday evening Grant himself arrived home the worse for liquor, and about seven o'clock the neighbours heard a loud noise in the house; and it is supposed that at that time the murder was committed. Mrs. Grant, according to the neighbours' statement, was sober when last seen on Saturday night. Her husband, who has hitherto borne a very respectable character, was apprehended on the charge of the murder. Dundee Advertiser.

THE GRAND COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD.

WE this week present to the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* a series of engravings of incidents, &c., connected with the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Oxford Commemoration. On arriving in the large quadrangle of Christ Church, the royal party was met by a large number of the *haut mœurs* and the university volunteers. After the cheering had subsided, the princess delivered to the successful competitors the prizes they had won at the late rifle contest. At the conclusion of this interesting ceremony, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a select party, partook of luncheon at the Deanery. At three o'clock, the noblemen, heads of colleges, &c., assembled in the hall of Exeter College, and, accompanied by the chancellor of the University (the Earl of Derby) the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished visitors, marched to the Sheldonian Theatre, which was filled in every part with a fashionable audience. The diploma, amid loud and con-

tinued applause, conferring the degree of D.O.L. upon the Prince of Wales and the Prince Louis of Hesse, was read and presented by the chancellor of the University, Earl Derby, who turned to the Prince of Wales and spoke as follows:—

"Most Illustrious Prince, the Hope and Expectation of Britain.—It is with more than ordinary rejoicing that we this day celebrate the time-honoured custom, on each anniversary of this our Commemoration of Benefactors, of conferring academic distinctions either on those who derive lustre from their birth and ancestry, or who by military or naval exploits have deserved well of their country, or who have attained to high scientific, literary, or political eminence, or who, in the spring-time of youth, give promise by no uncertain signs of abundant fruit in riper years; and we beg to tender you our cordial thanks for designating, with a few short months of your most auspicious nuptials, to visit this venerable seat of learning in which you lately sojourned as a student. Our joy is enhanced in no trifling degree by the fact that you have brought hither your most illustrious consort to be the associate and sharer in the honour you are to receive this day. Of her, why need I speak? She herself is before us; and in her surpassing loveliness, in the kindly light of her sweet eyes, on that noble, modest brow, all we who are gathered here can behold mirrored the native virtues of her mind. She herself is before us: at this moment delighting to gaze upon you; she sees these looks of welcome, she hears these acclamations and plaudits, and is herself a witness of the devotion and love which this venerable University bears to her husband. Sprung as she is from a royal stock, belonging to a nation most friendly to our own, to which I trust we may be bound in ties of daily closer amity; from the day on which she set foot on our shores, the whole kingdom has claimed her, not as a foreigner, but as an Englishwoman; not as a stranger, but as one of her own family; not even as a daughter-in-law, but as her own dearly-loved child and daughter.—

Hail to ye both, thrice hail!
Feliciter et amplius.
Vos irrupta liget copula, nec malis
Suprema citius solvat amor die."

One thing alone is wanting to the completion of our happiness to-day. Would that your most august mother, the mother of her people, whose long withdrawal from the eyes of her loving subjects we affectionately regret, could have been present at this gathering, held in your honour as its crowning grace and ornament! But her wound is still too fresh, her grief too incurable for the great consort she has lost, whose memory she cherishes, and will cherish till death, in her heart of hearts. But you, most illustrious prince, we greet with joy and congratulation not only as the heir at once of

the throne and of the virtues of your illustrious parent, but as an alumnus of this university, who for nearly two years within these walls diligently devoted himself to the studies of the place, and who, although of noblest race and born to the imperial purple, never made use of high birth or proximity to the throne as a cloak for base sloth or unbridled self-indulgence, but in everything deferred to the discipline of the University and approved himself a conspicuous example to his fellow-students; as well knowing that obedience to authority in youth is the surest guarantee of capacity to rule. With such recollections of the past, such happy augury for the future, and with unanimous consent and approbation, we have decreed to invest you with the gown of a Doctor of Civil Law; and in bestowing upon you this high academic degree, it is our wish to testify the love and respect we feel towards your most august mother, towards the memory of your most illustrious father, and towards yourself; together with our hope and confident trust that you will never discredit the blood which flows in your veins, the



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ACADEMIC COSTUME WHEN AT OXFORD.

education you have received, nor the high position to which you have been born. Assume, therefore, with every good wish on our part, the honours which we confer with (we trust) the happiest auspices; though, indeed, it were hard to add to the honour of your ancient lineage, and of your individual virtues. Still a youth in years, take rank and name among the veterans of the University. Condescend to accept this diploma, which the University has decreed by its unanimous vote, and which it is my most grateful duty to offer to your royal highness."

Degrees were conferred on the Danish minister, Earl Granville, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Hugh Cairns, and Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald. There was afterwards a boat race, a banquet at Exeter College; and a grand ball given by the members of Christ Church wound up the festivities of the day.

In connection with our engravings illustrating the rejoicings at Oxford, we present our readers with a portrait of the Prince in his academic costume. It is of course the usual dress worn by undergraduates of his rank; but there is a marked difference between the caps and gowns worn by three different classes of undergraduates, viz., noblemen, gentlemen commoners, and commoners. Noblemen wear two dresses. The first is a gown of purple silk, profusely ornamented with broad gold lace. This dress is worn at the University Church of St. Mary on certain special days, at dinners, on what are termed "gaudy" days, in the theatre of the University, in processions, and on public occasions generally. The second dress consists of a scholar's gown of black silk. It has a tippet attached to the shoulders, resembling that of the Proctor and Pro-Proctor. With both these dresses is worn a square cap of black velvet with a gold tassel. The second, or ordinary dress, is the one represented in our engraving.

During his recent sojourn at Oxford the Prince found time sufficient to play three or four games at tennis in the tennis court in Merton street, and engaged in his favourite pastime with the Hon. Mr. Ellis, of Merton College, Earl Granville, and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe.

PRESENTATION OF NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A PRESENTATION of a somewhat unusual character took place recently at Marlborough House, the Prince and Princess of Wales having received thirteen New Zealanders, viz. —

1. Kamehara Haurakiri Wherepapa, son of the celebrated warrior chieftain, one of the Grand Hongi's generals.
2. Horomane Te Atna, son of Te Anga, another of Hongi's generals.
3. Wiremu Te Wana, son of Pon, another general.
4. Richana Tankowan, son of Tukarewa, one of the bravest and most renowned of the old Ngapuhi chieftains of the last generation. The above-named chiefs belong to the Hapu of Ngairangi tribe of Ngapuhi, and are descendants of the far-famed Pene Tani, who took such a prominent part in the wars of the rebel chiefs Heke and Kauri. The chieftain Hongi visited England in company with Warkato in the reign of George the Fourth, and was called Shunghie. He was the first to introduce fire arms among his countrymen, and was the fiercest warrior and most cruel cannibal on Maori record.
5. Hare Pomare, son of the well-known warrior Pomare, who was taken prisoner by the British troops under a flag of truce during Heke's war, but was on arrival at Auckland immediately released.
6. Hariata Tutaputa (wife of Hare Pomare) daughter of Pikemani, one of Hongi's fighting chiefs, and a confidential companion of the great and good Tamati Waka Nene, our noble ally in the northern war.
7. Horini Pakin, son of Tipene Hari, who is first cousin to the great Hongi, grandson of Te Waha-ranpo, a general of Hongi and Kawaiti.
8. Hanatu Te Irinja (wife of Horini)

daughter of Japo, Kauri's son. Both Horini and his wife are closely allied to the faithful Waka Nene. 9. Paratene Te Manu, son of Kan Te Awha, and descendant of the powerful chieftain Ranjitukewaho, of the Ngapuhi tribe. 10. Kehirini Te Tuaha, son of Whare, grandson of Te Whin, and descendant of the fierce and much-dreaded cannibal chieftain Ranjititu, of Tuhourangi, Tarawera Lake, Tusho, interior of Northern Island. 11. Takerei Ngawaka, grandson of the great Heuheu of Tuapou, who with his family and part of his tribe were buried under a landslide a few years ago. 12. Ngahua, granddaughter of the celebrated chief Hereta Taniwha (commonly called "Hooknose"), of the Coromandel district, Houraki Gulf, and contemporary with Captain Cook. 13. Hapimana Ngapiko, son of Mokoera, grandson of Ranjitaw Aauja, and great grandson of Te Ra Taunja, all noted warrior chieftains of the Ngatiawa tribe, Taranaki. 14. Nariata

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HAUMA, daughter of Paratene Te Ru, near relative of Arama Karaka Pi and Tamati Waka Nene. The Prince and Princess received the New Zealanders at half-past twelve, and they remained at Marlborough House until half-past one. The Prince conversed with them in a most friendly style through their interpreter, and the New Zealanders emphatically assured his royal highness of the great desire of the New Zealand tribes to maintain the most friendly relations with this country. His royal highness cordially reciprocated this wish. The proceedings at this interesting ceremony are illustrated in page 24. We are indebted to Mr. Vernon Heath, of 43, Piccadilly, for photographs of the chiefs, from which our engraving is taken.

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THE PULPIT AND THE POCKET.—Mr. Spurgeon has just been in the "black country," and a calculation has been made of the pecuniary result. At Birmingham, the collections after two sermons, morning and evening, are stated to have averaged rather more than 5d. from every person present; at Wolverhampton, after evening service only, rather more than 7d. for each person; at Dudley, after morning and evening service, nearly 8d. At Bilston, after morning service only, with a great pressure for tickets, owing to the insufficient size of the room, the collection showed an average of more than 9d. each person.

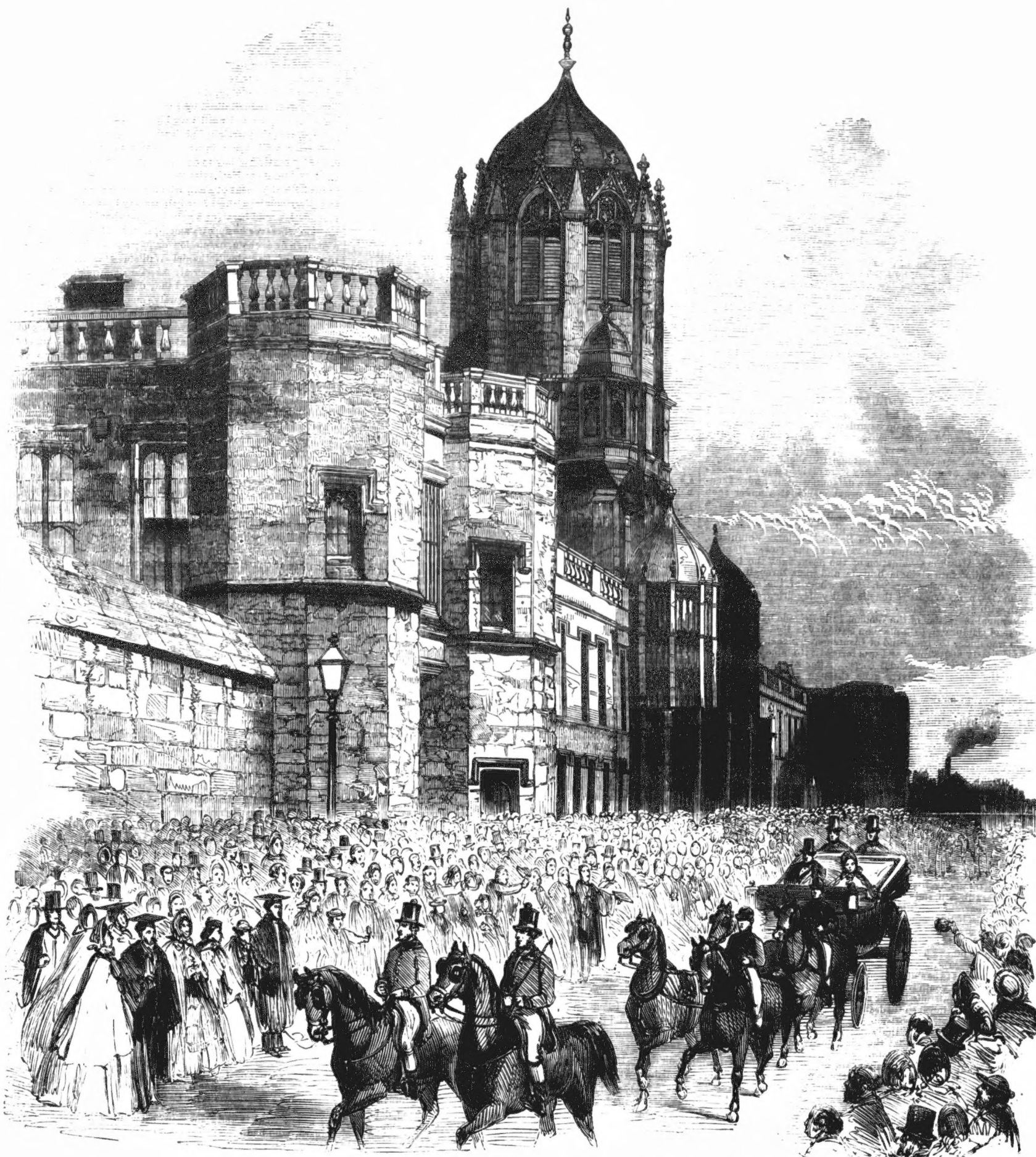
DEATH OF THREE CHILDREN BY DROWNING.

THE illustration in our front page depicts an occurrence of a fearful nature that took place at Stafford. Three children (two boys and one girl), the two former the sons of Mr. Thomas Taylor, and the latter the child of a friend who had left her under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, had returned from school, and were playing near the river Sow, which runs close by Mr. Taylor's house, when, by some sad fatality, they all three fell into the stream, which had greatly overflowed its banks in consequence of the late heavy rains. The shrieks of the poor little creatures immediately brought some of the neighbours to the scene of the catastrophe, but so rapid was the current that all their efforts to rescue them were unavailing. The grief of the bereaved parents was frantic, and the melancholy event caused the most painful excitement throughout the town, and drew hundreds of people to the spot.

CLEVER CAPTURE.—A sporting gentleman, dressed in full hunting costume, arrived at Malton by train, and took up his abode at one of the hotels. Here he soon became intimate with the turfites, to whom he paid much attention, and did largely in the betting line. He held himself out as Sir John Johnstone's first whip, on the way with a horse to Beverly races, about which, he assured his friends, the result was a certainty. The company, as the day wore on, became enthusiastic in sporting matters; but, in due course, the

train brought an accession of company—a Scarborough fisherman, in fact. This last arrival intruded upon the company, and eventually produced a pair of handcuffs, which were adroitly slipped on to the wrists of "the first whip," while he was unsuspectingly allowing his arms to hang listlessly over his chair. In short, to the general surprise of the company, the intruding fisherman proved to be a sergeant of the Scarborough police, who "wanted" the sporting gentleman on the charge of stealing the buckskin breeches, top boots, &c., which he wore. It seems the fellow was an impostor named Thomas Wilson, who had acted as groom at one of the Scarborough hotels for a few days; and, while there, possessed himself of his master's hunting suit, arrayed in which he doubtless contemplated a foray on the hotel-keepers in the locality.

KILLED BY A FLY.—A young officer of the 27th Regiment of the Line, named Pondevaux, aged twenty-three, in garrison at Evreux, has just died under afflicting circumstances. Being at Paris on a few days' leave, he visited the Jardin des Plantes, where he was stung on the upper lip by a fly while standing near the wild beasts' cages. On returning to Evreux he suffered some pain in the part wounded, but in spite of the counsels of his friends refused to obtain surgical advice. The symptoms became aggravated, and the poison spreading rapidly, the young man expired two days back in great agony. It is supposed that the insect had been feeding on putrid meat in the dens of one of the carnivorous animals.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LEAVING CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE. (See page 20.)

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess de Grey and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, honoured the performance at the Olympic Theatre with their presence on Saturday evening.

By command of the Queen her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales held a drawing-room on her Majesty's behalf, in St. James's Palace, on Saturday afternoon. The ladies presented amounted to 223, and by the Queen's pleasure presentations to her royal highness at this Court are considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will, says the *Court Journal*, on the approach of grouse-shooting, pay a visit to the Highlands. The prince and Princess will not go to Balmoral, but will occupy Abergeldie Castle, the residence of the late Duchess of Kent when in Scotland. Abergeldie remains quite in its original state, is some two three or miles further down the Dee than Balmoral, and immediately on the banks of the river, the back of the residence towards the water. In this primitive region it has been the custom to suspend a rope on two poles on either side of the river rigged with pulleys, and so convey baskets and parcels across the water to the Castle from Crathie and the adjacent villages.

The Queen, as sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter, has been graciously pleased, by letters patent under the great seal of the order, bearing date this day, to dispense with all the statutes and regulations observed in regard to installation, and to grant unto his royal highness Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the said most noble Order, full power and authority to exercise all rights and privileges belonging to a Knight Companion of the said most noble Order of the Garter, in as full and ample a manner as if he had been formally installed, any decree, rule, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Gazette*.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A VOLUNTEER sham fight and brigade field-day, under the command of Lord Ranelagh, took place on Saturday at Wanstead. The force consisted of over 3,000 men, belonging to the 2nd (South) Middlesex, the 25th Middlesex, three or four companies of the Essex Rifles, the Tower Hamlets Corps, the Customs battalions, the Victoria Dock Rifles, and several others. They were divided into an attacking force under Lord Ranelagh, and a defending army under Lieutenant-Colonel Buxton, M.P. The usual manoeuvres under such circumstances were gone through in a very creditable manner, a new feature being introduced in the occupation, attack, and defence of an empty house, from every window of which the reconnoitring party of the enemy, composed of the South Middlesex Volunteers, poured murderous volleys into the ranks of the Tower Hamlets corps below. After the termination of the sham fight the belligerents were united into a single brigade, and went through several manoeuvres before they separated. The whole of the movements on both sides, more especially the file and volley firing, were gone through with great precision.

The annual inspection of the London Rifle Brigade by its colonel, the Duke of Cambridge, took place on Saturday in Hyde-park. The brigade was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Warde, and mustered nearly 600 strong, and was formed into nine companies. It also included fifty of the cadet corps. After a couple of hours spent in the usual manoeuvres gone through at inspections, the Duke of Cambridge, addressing the officers, said, "Last year I had occasion to praise the admirable character of your drill; on this occasion it gives me great satisfaction to say that your drill is even better than it was last year, and I must compliment Colonel Warde on the high efficiency the brigade has attained through his exertions. The excellent manner in which you performed your manoeuvres was greatly facilitated by the way in which you are commanded by your officers. Your steadiness under very rapid movements is very commendable. Even when you lost a little of your distance the companies, instead of wavering backwards and forwards, stood still, and did not attempt to rectify their error until ordered to do so. Nothing could be better than your drill, and great credit is due to Colonel Warde." Three hearty cheers were then given for the duke, and his royal highness left the ground, after which a similar compliment was paid to Colonel Warde. The ground was admirably kept by the 1st Surrey Rifles.

A BOY KILLED BY HIS SISTER.—About two weeks ago a lad named James Brown, son of a labourer and weaver in the village of Sanquhar, quarrelled with his sister, and in the course of the *melee* that took place between them he fled towards the door. His sister, being unable to get at him with her hands, and doubtless without intending to do him any fatal injury, lifted a pair of old tongs and threw them at him as he went out. Unfortunately, one of the worn sharp-pointed legs struck him on the back of the head, and inflicted what was thought to be a slight wound. Shortly after the occurrence, however, the poor youth was seized with convulsive fits, which continued with little intermission for a week. He then fell into a state of stupor, and continued so till death put a period to his sufferings on Monday evening last. A post-mortem examination of the body was made on Tuesday, under the superintendence of the procurator fiscal, when it was found that the instrument had penetrated the brain, and was the cause of death. The young woman by whom the act was committed is about six years older than the deceased. She has been taken into custody, and the matter is being investigated by the authorities.—*Dumfries Standard*.

DESOLATION IN MISSISSIPPI.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes from Young's Point:—"The whole country, from Milliken's Bend to Hard Pines, opposite Grand Gulf, a distance of about sixty miles, is one 'abomination of desolation.' It has been an earthly paradise, lordly palaces filled with pictures, statues, and articles of vertu, beautiful gardens, teeming with floral beauties, are now all laid waste. In those magnificent halls where Southern beauty and chivalry were wont to revel, soldiers cook their despised 'sow belly' with fires built out of rosewood chairs and curiously carved furniture, sleep on cotton beds worth fifty dollars each, and in the morning abandon all the horde of fifty hungry negroes, who follow the army and gather its refuse, like troops of unclean birds which smell the carcass from afar. Among these rich nabobs none excelled the Hon. John Perkins. His dwelling is magnificent even in its ruins, and his gardens are still fragrant with acres of roses. When General Butler entered New Orleans he chartered the *Magnolia*, one of the largest boats on the river, put his most valuable slaves, pictures, plate, &c., on board, and set fire to the rest. For seven miles his lands blazed with 5,000 bales of burning cotton and granaries of corn. His house with furniture worth cost 200,000 dols. in Paris, and the houses of his overseers, all were fired, while he stood on the bank and watched the mighty conflagration. In the morning he embarked a ruined man. I have never dreamed of such Arabian magnificence as I find in the ruins of the houses of these rich planters. In one garden I found no less than 700 different varieties of roses. This is, I believe, the largest collection in America. There are no more than three in Europe that equal it."

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[*Advt.*]

BOW BELLS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 34, for Wednesday, July 1, 1863.

CONTAINS:—

WOMAN'S WORTH. By Eliza Win- stanley. Illustrated by Thwaites. The Ladies' Page.—The Work-table, The Toilette, and Ladies' Guide. Picturesque Sketches.—The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Hornsey Road. The Bridge at Walton-on-Thames. Illustrated. Essays.—Fever. The Hop Harvest. Dismal Appearances of the Sea. Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts.—The Tiger's Leap. The Admiral's Dream. Little Dungeon. The Chancery Court as it was. The Fine Arts.—The Harvest. London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. B.
27	S	Dr. Dodd executed, 1777	9 50	10 25
28	S	4th Sunday after Trinity	11 0	11 33
29	M	St. Peter	—	0 2
30	T	Sun rises 3h. 48m. Sets 8h. 18m. ...	0 33	1 0
1	W	Battle of the Boyne, 1690	1 28	1 54
2	T	Sun rises 3h. 49m. Sets 8h. 18m. ...	2 21	2 47
3	F	Dog days begin	3 13	3 38

MOON'S CHANGES.—1st, Full moon, 6h. 46m. a.m. Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. 1 Samuel 12: Luke 11. EVENING. 1 Samuel 13: Ephesians 5.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

LEX.—Provided the young man was a minor, you can summon his father to pay the debt, as it was contracted for necessities; but supposing him to be of age, you have no redress whatever from the parent.

R. D. V.—No reliance can be placed by an author upon the criticism of intimate friends, excepting, as is very rarely the case, they have sufficient candour and sense to give a true opinion as to his works. Poetry, unless very excellent, and written by some well-known author, is looked on with an eye of horror by publishers in general. A romance, if really clever, may remunerate a fresh author if he can prevail upon any bibliophile to take it. But those gentlemen are exceedingly wary, and will rarely venture upon the speculation with their own funds.

A. SRETLANDER.—Herrings breed in the Arctic Ocean, and in April and May pass in immense shoals through the British seas, followed by fishes and birds of prey. The Dogger-bank, in the North Sea, one hundred and ninety miles long, is the favourite resort of these, and of turbot, cod, sole, &c.

IGNORAMUS.—Besancon is pronounced Be-zan-sone. Lyons is the second city in France. Navarre, which at present forms part of the kingdom of France, was once a separate nation, and for that reason the French kings were styled kings of France and Navarre.

V. G. B.—You must possess tolerably good interest to procure ever such a nominal situation as messenger at a Government Office. You must be able to write to dictation, and read manuscript.

E. B.—You have ample grounds for an application to the Divorce Court. It will cost you about £30, in the hands of a respectable London solicitor. Apply to Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

We trust that the major part of our English ladies would never willingly purchase an evening's triumph with the pain and imprisonment of some poorer sister; they would go in homespun, and last year's dresses, rather than deliberately consign to "death by the needle" these victims of society, if they knew the secrets of the milliner's work-room and the milliner's bed-chamber; and it is because their kindly hearts can best cure this mischief that we pain ourselves in painting them with the truth. An inquest was recently held upon the body of Mary Anne Walker, aged twenty, in the employ at the time of her decease of Madame Elise, a fashionable dressmaker, of Regent-street. The dead girl had worked, the evidence showed, in one room with thirty other companions, often to late hours, always for periods cruelly trying to a young woman's health. When work was over she had for retirement and sleep a room divided by partitions into small compartments like cattle-pens, furnished with a double bed, two of the workwomen being required to pass the night in each bed. The medical men called in to examine the body pronounced the room as utterly "unfit for any one to sleep in," especially for young and growing women, depressed by tedious labour and confinement all day long, and doubly, therefore, in want of fresh air and healthy space. Beside being overcrowded beyond decency and humanity, no provision either appeared to have been made for ventilation, the room being ill lighted, ill arranged, and close with the crowded breathings of its lighted occupants. In such a place the poor girl whose corpse was the subject of inquiry had breathed her last. She was taken ill at her needle on a Friday; on Sunday she was no much worse that the doctor was called in; but failing hands and swimming eyes are not uncommon in these "temples of fashion," and, "remedies being administered," the weary creature was left in the moiety of her bed in the double-bedded compartment of the multiple-bedded sleeping chamber. Her companion retired to rest by her side, too tired herself probably to notice what kind of a sleep the sick work-girl was at last enjoying, and in the morning she rose to find her bed-fellow dead. The post-mortem examination decided upon apoplexy as the proximate cause: which merely means that the dreary needle and the long hours of labour had slowly but surely dulled the heart and clogged the brain, and so brought the kind respite of death to the girl, who had a claim to pleasures, natural if more humble, as strong as those she died to beautify. And let it be remembered that this is no isolated case. All, indeed, do not drop at the fashionable treadmill like this hapless girl; but she served, be it borne in mind, one of the chief modistes in the chief thoroughfare of the West-end; and, if anywhere, it was in such an establishment that we might have expected something like consideration and proper care for those in its employ. People ask with

a shudder, "If these things be done in the green tree," what, in the name of mercy, happens in "the dry."

THERE are some crimes so incredibly atrocious that the compunctions of mankind have generally attributed them to insanity rather than to wickedness. The mother who slaughters her children, the slaveowner who whips a girl to death, the woman who poisons for poison's sake, the Brownriggs and the Mohawks of society, we have been accustomed to regard as more mad than culpable. In other spheres of wrong-doing, it may be, the same principle would apply. The princess, immortalised by Brantome, who delighted in lashing her maids of honour until they bled, was a lunatic, no doubt; so, perhaps, was that wretched philanthropist confined in Lewes gaol, who, after a life spent in writing about mercy, consummated his career by beating a boy to death. But what species of distemper shall we impute to Nathaniel William Massey, formerly a captain in the 30th Regiment of Foot, who figured in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes? Shall we say that he is an idiot, or a scoundrel, a wild beast, or a poltroon that should be kicked into extinction wherever he appears among men? Does his case demand a scourge or a chain, execration or pity? We hardly know what to think of Captain Nathaniel William Massey. Three years ago, almost to a day, he secretly married a young girl, the daughter of most respectable parents, and they dwelt together in the ordinary peace of married life for about twelve months. In the confidence of a first and youthful affection, the simple wife presented her husband, as a gift, with about seven thousand pounds sterling of her own property. So long as that process lasted, and so long as there seemed a possibility of wheedling further sacrifices out of her, Captain Nathaniel William Massey appears not to have been monstrously or infamously brutal; another twelve months elapsed, indeed, before his scoundrelism took a definite shape. The couple left London for the Continent. He engaged a separate carriage; she, already initiated in the mysteries of his character, desired, for her own protection, that other passengers might be admitted. Whereupon the gallant soldier—the gentleman by prescription—struck her upon the face with the back of his hands. Then the warrior, at that time wearing her Majesty's uniform, pinched her severely. So they arrived at Dieppe, and put up at an hotel. At five in the morning he rose from his bed, dragged away the bedclothes, and scourged his wife with a leathern strap, using all the time language the most abominable. His next proceeding was a vulgar imitation of Othello, for he pressed a pillow upon his victim's face until, as she says, "I cried for mercy, and he desisted." What followed must be told in the language of the poor witness herself. "He then dressed, and went down stairs to breakfast, telling me that he should expect me to be dressed by the time he came back. He afterwards returned to the room, and asked why I had not obliged him. I told him I could not move because I was stiff from his beating, and asked him to let me rest. He said, 'Oh, rest is it that you want, you lunatic?' and took up the strap again." Now, what was this man's impulse? Is he qualified for the treadmill or for the asylum, for shower-baths and sedatives, or for a canary-coloured jacket, and hard labour in Portsmouth Dockyard? Dr. Winslow would probably take him in hand as a miserable patient, while Mr. Henry or Mr. Knox might cool the fever in his brain by six months of penitentiary discipline. We must ask, in presence of this astounding eccentricity of malice, whether Massey is a fit subject for psychology or for prison discipline? A mild admixture of the two might possibly benefit him and do justice to society. But seriously, when such facts as these are proved; when the veil is lifted from these scenes of crime—for crime it is—perpetrated within the sanctuary of domestic life; when a husband has confessedly, as recorded in his own journals, been guilty of the nefarious cowardice which Captain Massey has not attempted to deny—is the equity of the case substantially met by a divorce decree, accompanied by a denunciation of costs against the delinquent, and an order upon him to disgorge some of the property he has absorbed? The question is a delicate one; though, when it arises among the humbler classes, some of our stipendiary magistrates have dealt with it very simply and successfully indeed. Perhaps if ladies in genteel life would, before appealing to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, bring up their husbands for infamous and black-guardly assaults, and send them to pick oakum before branding them with divorce, we should hear less of such heroes as Captain Nathaniel William Massey.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN.

A BERLIN letter of June 20 has the following:—"At a little before nine o'clock yesterday morning the King left Berlin by a special train for Carlsbad. His last act before his departure was a characteristic one—the inspection, Under the Linden, of a few score Landwehr men, belonging to regiments of the Guard, who had been called out for drill. It was a brilliant morning when his Majesty came out of his palace on foot, and, with his usual long and rapid stride, crossed over to the Linden, where, just in rear of the statue of Frederick the Great, the troops were drawn up, a number of officers were assembled, and the band of the 2nd Guards played. Princes Charles, Frederick Charles, Albert, and George of Prussia, Prince Frederick William of Hesse, Marshal Wrangel, General Roon, and all the generals and colonels of regiments present in Berlin, and several former officers of the 2nd Guards, who had come to attend the jubilee of that corps, celebrated to-day, were there in full uniform. The King, who seemed in good health, inspected the little body of men, addressed a few words to some of them, and also spoke to a great number of the officers present. He then returned to his palace, and shortly afterwards left it for the railway station, where the princes, the ministers, the president of police, Marshal Wrangel, and various generals were waiting to offer their good wishes. His Majesty's suite, which left with him, consists of General Manteuffel and M. Illaire, chiefs of the military and civil Cabinets, General Alvensleben, Prince Hohenlohe, and another aide-de-camp, Dr. Lauer, and Privy Councillor Bork. The royal party would breakfast at Leipzig, dine at Schwarzenburg, and arrive at Carlsbad towards ten p.m., the last four or five hours being posting. The King travels *incognito*, under the name of Count von Zollern. The hotel of the Golden Shield, at Carlsbad, has been engaged as his residence. M. Von Bismarck will shortly follow him, but the day is not yet fixed. It appears that the physicians insist on the King's not attending to business after the first ten days of his use of the Carlsbad waters, and therefore it is thought that the Emperor of Austria will very probably visit him soon—perhaps about the middle of next week."

General News.

A DREADFUL accident occurred last week at the summer theatre of Bromberg (Polish Prussia), where a young actress, Mdle. Berguth, had her dress set on fire by the foot-lights, and was so severely burnt that little hope is entertained of her recovery.

Up to the end of March last, 260,320 persons had deposited money in the 2,863 post-office savings' banks in the United Kingdom; and the deposits, after deducting the withdrawals, amounted to £2,115,022. There had been 8,483 transfers from old savings' banks to the post-office banks, bringing to the latter £334,117.

SEVENTEEN Polish officers in the service of the Porte have resigned their commissions, and left for the Principality, en route for the theatre of the national movement. A young Levantine doctor, of Polish origin, has also left for Paris, to proceed by that route to the same destination.

A SPLENDID iron steam yacht, built by Messrs. Samuda, of Blackwall, for the Viceroy of Egypt, was launched from the premises of that firm. She will be fitted with her machinery by Messrs. John Penn and Co., of Greenwich.

MR. JOHN BELL, her Majesty's consul-general at Algiers, died there a few days since.

THE trial of the Cremona rioters was set down to be tried at the present Middlesex Sessions, but at the sitting of the last court some discussion took place among the lawyers engaged on both sides, which ended in the case being postponed till next session.

MR. F. R. BRUNSILL has received the following letter from General Garibaldi, in answer to one written to him by the receiver on the 15th of May last:—"Caperna, May 26th, 1863. Dear sir,—The sympathy of English friends is very grateful to my heart. I thank you sincerely for your letter, and, in answer to your kind inquiries, have pleasure in stating that my health is now very good. With every wish for the continuance of freedom and prosperity in your noble country, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, G. GARIBALDI. Mr. F. R. Brunsill."

THE *Indicator* of Wurzburg states that a Frenchman, who was descending the Rhine, one evening last week in the Hereditary Prince steamer, when passing the great mill at Mentz, told the passengers that he was about to show them an excellent practical joke. He had scarcely uttered the words when he put his hat on a bench, jumped into the river, and was drowned. In his hat was a letter stating that he had lost all he possessed at the gaming tables of Wiesbaden, cautioning the public against playing there. When his body was recovered, his purse was found to contain only 15d.

THE *Press* says that, in obedience to the advice of Dr. Nelaton, Garibaldi is coming to France, to take the waters of Neris-le-Bains, in the department of the Alliers, where a lodging (to be ready by July 1) has been taken for him.

MR. HAREY has been varying his attendance on the sick horses of the Federals with a trip in a reconnoitring balloon. The sensation was, for "purely strategic reasons," not long indulged in, as a rifle-ball through the edge of the car gave him sharp notice to quit cloudland.

LORD RAYNAM has laid before the House of Commons a Bill prohibiting schoolmasters and tutors from flogging otherwise than with a birch rod.

A SUBSCRIPTION is in progress for the purpose of erecting a bust and tablet in honour of the late lamented Sir George Cornewall Lewis in Westminster Abbey, the consent of the Dean of Westminster having been obtained. Subscriptions are received at the banking-houses of Messrs. Coutts and Co. and Messrs. Prescott, Grotto, and Co.

ON Saturday afternoon last a shocking accident, which terminated fatally, occurred at the steam saw mills of Mr. Hammarley, Nottingham. About four o'clock a workman named Henry Wright was engaged in oiling the machinery, when his dress became entangled in the belt of the shaft, and the wheel which was revolving rapidly, whirled him round several times. The engine had to be stopped before the unfortunate man could be rescued, and he was then quite dead. His body was margined in a frightful manner, the bones of both legs were broken in several places and nearly cut off. The deceased has left a widow and seven children. This is the second fatal accident that has taken place on the above premises during a week.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales and the Princess of Wales have expressed their intention of witnessing a review of the troops at Aldershot on Monday, the 29th inst.

SERIOUS ROBBERY.—Mr. James Kirk, the treasurer to the Stalybridge Relief Committee, has discovered that John Sergeant, the confidential clerk of the committee, absconded with a considerable sum of money in notes and gold, &c., subsequently ascertained to be £22, 2s. 11d. Of this sum £97. are in gold, and the remainder, excepting the small sum of 2s. 11d., in Bank of England notes. Sergeant had been engaged by the committee in the middle of February last. He is a single man of good education, and on his engagement the committee, in addition to ascertaining he had been employed by the London and North-Western Railway Company, and had fulfilled several other confidential situations, received a recommendation on his behalf from the Clerks' Provident Society, Manchester, where he was then residing. It seems that the delinquent had for a week at least been leading an irregular life in the borough, and had received notice of his discharge for absconding himself from his duties without leave, and that he had anticipated his discharge by sending in his resignation. He had drawn the necessary funds from the bankers to pay the shopkeepers about three o'clock, and about four o'clock the committee were considering his case when he was suddenly missed, and holding the key of the safe he was enabled to walk off with the funds without any warning.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—The cost, amounting to £600, of the Budehaven, Cornwall, new lifeboat establishment, has been presented to the National Lifeboat Institution by the surviving children of the late R. T. Garden, Esq., of Rivers Lyons, Ireland, as a memorial of their beloved mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore Garden. An inscription, recording this philanthropic gift, has been beautifully carved in stone, and placed over the doorway of the lifeboat house. The boat is thirty-three feet long, and rowmen oars, double banked. She possesses the usual valuable qualities of the self-righting lifeboats of the institution. The boat and her carriage were on Monday liberally taken, free of charge, by the South-Western Railway Company as far as Bideford; and on the 19th instant, being the natal day of the deceased lady, their inauguration took place. The boat-house is a substantial and commodious erection, and was built from the design and specifications of C. H. Cooke, Esq., London, the honorary architect of the society. The new lifeboat establishment at Bude is now one of the most complete and efficient on the coast of the United Kingdom. Probably no heavier surf rolls upon any part of our shores than in the vicinity of Bude; and fearful, indeed, have been the wrecks in the locality. Last winter, twenty-six poor fellows perished there from the ill-fated ship *Bencollen*, of Liverpool. This splendid and powerful new lifeboat will, it is hoped, be able to contend successfully with the heaviest of the rollers. At midnight on the 11th instant, the Ipswich lifeboat, at Thorpe, Suffolk, was the means, under God, of saving six men under the most perilous circumstances. She is a sister-boat to the Bude lifeboat, and her cost was presented to the institution by the town of Ipswich. The National Lifeboat Institution has now 125 lifeboats under its charge; some of them are constantly engaged in saving shipwrecked crews in stormy weather; and during the past eighteen months nearly 500 persons have thus been snatched from a watery grave.

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

THE legal journals of Paris contain a report of a curious case in which Madame de Civry, the daughter of an English lady, is plaintiff, and the Duke of Brunswick defendant. The action is brought to recover from the Duke of Brunswick, of whom the plaintiff claims to be a natural child, an alimentary annuity of 35,000*fr.* (£1,400).

M. Allou, counsel for the Duke of Brunswick, appeared in support of a demurrer to the action, and made the following statement:—

The plaintiff can scarcely entertain any serious expectations of success in this action. Madame de Civry alleges herself to be the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick; she says that she is in distress, and has a numerous family, and under Articles 205 and 207 of the Code Napoleon she asks for an alimentary pension of 35,000*fr.* Madame de Civry does not aspire to the honours of legitimacy, and is contented to call herself a natural child. She might just as well have aimed higher, for there being no recognition of her in the register of her birth, or in any subsequent legal declaration of the duke, she has no better shadow of pretence, according to the French law, for claiming the rights of a natural child than those of a legitimate one. If, however, she relies upon the law of Brunswick the principles are different, but the results in this case are the same. For the law of Brunswick only authorises a natural child to obtain maintenance from the putative father up to the age of fourteen, after which it must shift for itself. This action is but the realization of threats of very old standing. The story presented by the other side is this:—In 1825, Charles II, then the reigning Duke of Brunswick, being in London, ran away with a young lady of high position in society, named Lady Colville, and seduced her under promise of marriage. They bring forward as a witness a person who filled the position of humble companion, and who swears that she would not have done so had she not believed that the parties were married. The young person comes to France with the duke, and lived some months with him in Paris. The duke then took her with him to the Duchy of Brunswick, and installed her in a chateau in the neighbourhood of the Court. There, on July 5, 1826, she was confined of a daughter, who is the plaintiff in this action. The christening was solemnized with much pomp and ceremony. The following is a copy of the register of birth:—

"In the year 1826, on July 5, at ten in the morning, Charlotte Colville, lady, aged nineteen years, was delivered of a daughter, who was baptised on the 17th by the name of Elizabeth Wilhelmine. Sponsors: 1. Charles, reigning Duke of Brunswick and Lünebourg; 2. His Highness William Prince of Brunswick, Duke of Als and Bornstadt, their said highnesses being represented by Major de Greenwald, orderly officer of the reigning duke, and the Vice-Comptroller de Aynhausen."

"Observation.—Countess Ellis Wail Colmar is the family name of the child."

In 1827, the year after her confinement, Lady Colville returned to England with her daughter. The duke took upon himself the care of her education, first in England, and afterwards in Paris. She had the best professors that could be found. I rather think it is alleged in some of the affidavits that she had the honour of being taught dancing by Queen Victoria's master. The child grew up under the duke's assiduous protection. One of his chamberlains, Baron d'Andlau, was specially commissioned to attend to her. The revolution of 1830, which deprived the duke of the sovereignty of his States and drove him into exile, did not interrupt his parental care of Elizabeth Colville. At the age of seventeen she was placed in a school at Nancy. There she lent an ear to a Dominican monk, and abjured the Protestant religion in which she had been brought up. In consequence of this act the duke abandoned her. She was received by the honourable family of De Civry, and in 1847 she married the Count de Civry in London, and the marriage was announced by the fashionable journals with a certain *ecclat*. At this point (said M. Allou) the narrative of the other side becomes very confused. They would make it out that the duke consented to the marriage, and they allude to a letter said to have been written by the duke to her, which letter is a fiction; and all this while they say also that the duke never consented to receive either Madame de Civry or her husband, and that he would do nothing for them. Reverses of fortune having visited the Civry family, Madame de Civry now finds herself compelled to remind a father of the duties of which he is oblivious, but which he at one time recognised, and the register of birth of Madame de Civry being mute as to the name of her father, it is insinuated that there must have been a deed of recognition among the private archives of the duke which were burnt by the people in 1830. Such (said M. Allou) is the romance which will be recounted in brilliant colours by my eloquent adversary. But here are the facts much more prosaic and simple. It was, indeed, in the year 1825, and in London, but not in good society, that Duke Charles first saw the pretended Lady Colville. He met her in the saloons of a theatre, where Englishwomen of a certain class were at that time in the habit of making a display of their beauty. She used the name of Lady Colville as a *nom de guerre* for a whole season. Her real name was Miss Munden. There had never been any notion of a marriage between her and the duke, and she very freely and deliberately became his mistress and went abroad with him. Afterwards Miss Munden returned to England, married a person of the name of Shaw, and went out to California. The duke had liberally paid the expenses of Miss Colville's education from feelings towards her mother, which would be easily understood; but he had never once seen her since her infancy. He denied that he had quarrelled with her on account of her change of religion. The rupture was occasioned by other reasons, and among them her extraordinary conduct in Paris, where she called upon his agent dressed up in men's clothes. Her marriage with M. de Civry was a speculation on the duke's wealth, but it had the effect of increasing his displeasure with the young lady. A pompous announcement of the marriage had appeared in the English journals in these terms:—"Count de Civry to Elizabeth Wilhelmine d'Este, Countess of Colmar, daughter of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Ferdinand William Augustus d'Este, Duke of Brunswick, and of Lady Colville." This impudent misrepresentation was sanctioned by the presence at the marriage of Baron d'Andlau, the duke's former chamberlain, but with whom he had then quarrelled. The pretended Count de Civry was no count at all, but a very humble person, of Nancy, named Collin. He (M. Allou) did not wish to enter into long reasons why the duke declined to give any money to these persons. He contented himself with the legal argument that the French law gave them no claim upon him. As a subsidiary point, he contended that the Duke of Brunswick, though now deposed, was not liable, in a French court, for acts done at a time when he was a reigning prince.

SHOCKING SCENE AT VERTIERS.—A *Verviers* paper describes a terrible scene which has just been witnessed in broad daylight in that town. A man, who had led a very dissolute life, and whose wife had in consequence left him, and was residing with three children at the house of her father, forcibly entered the dwelling, and, ascending to a room on an upper story where his wife was, seized her and compelled her to jump with him from the window into the street. The shock of the fall was increased in the woman's case by the man's falling upon her. Believing her to be dead, the man ran up to the room a second time, and again jumped into the street. The woman, covered with blood, was removed to the house of a neighbour, her life being despaired of. The man was taken to the hospital dreadfully injured.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Stratheden brought in a Bill to amend the oaths administered to members of the legislature, but intimated his intention not to proceed further with the measure this session. Lord Ebury called attention to the distinction made by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the distribution of the common fund between benefices in public and private patronage, and made a motion on the subject, which after a short discussion was withdrawn.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, after a new writ had been ordered for the election of a member for Berwick-on-Tweed, in the room of the late Captain Gordon, and various questions had been put, to one of which it was answered that Colonel Crawley would be tried by court-martial in England, Lord Palmerston moved the postponement of the orders of the day until after Mr. Hennessy's motion on the affairs of Poland. The motion was opposed, and on a division lost by 165 to 110. Some dissatisfaction was expressed at the result, and the noble lord charged with a breach of faith with the house. Lord Palmerston expressed his surprise at the vote, and explained the position in which he was placed; and as some compensation to the house at being balked of its debate on Polish affairs, stated the substance of the recommendations which, in concert with France and Austria, her Majesty's Ministers had submitted to the consideration of the Russian Government. They were as follows:—First, a general and complete amnesty; secondly, a national representation upon the principle of the representation established by Alexander I, in execution of the Treaty of Vienna; thirdly, that Poles alone should be appointed to public offices, and that such a Polish Administration should be appointed as would command the confidence of the people; fourthly, that full liberty of conscience should be given, and due protection accorded to the religion of the people; fifthly, that the Polish language should be used in all public transactions; and sixthly, that a regular system of recruiting should be established, so as to prevent the recurrence of such proceedings as had led to the revolution. The Government had also strongly urged that there should be a cessation of hostilities; their opinion being that unless the conflicts between the insurgents and the Russia troops were put an end to, negotiations could not rest on any stable or satisfactory foundation. Mr. Hennessy then consented to postpone his motion until the reply of Russia to the above proposal had been received, and the house proceeded to the orders of the day.

THE ALABAMA AT THE BRAZILS.

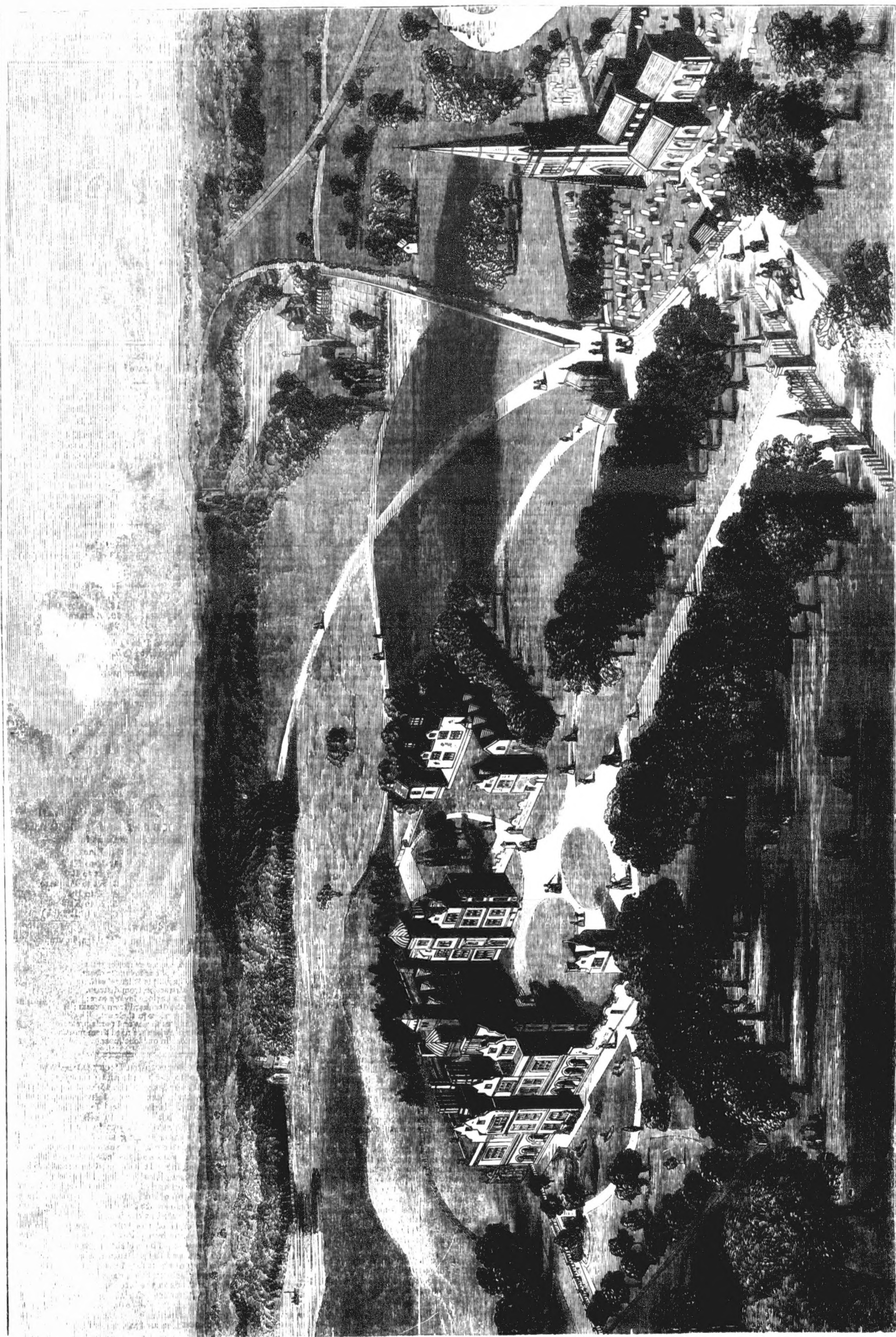
A LETTER from Brazil has the following:—
"There has been a great deal of excitement in Bahia since I last wrote you, in consequence of the arrival here of the Alabama and the Georgia, Confederate States' steamers. The Alabama came in on the day before the sailing of the Onida; on the following day, after the latter's departure, the second vessel came in very hard up for coals. Arrangements were made for supplying both steamers from an English vessel, the *Castor*, that had put into this port on her way to Shanghai, with the coals they required, and permission was given by the president of the province for the *Castor* to go alongside the Georgia. The following morning, however, orders came down that he was to cast off, as the Yankee consul has informed his excellency that the *Castor* had on board heavy guns, rifles, and even men, for the Confederates. Competent officers were sent on board by the Government to verify the consul's statement; but nothing was found. The Federal consul, however, insisted upon his statement, and so both the authorities here that the Confederate steamers were obliged to coal from the shore, and afterwards left—the Alabama on the 20th of May, and the Georgia on the night of the 22nd; and, as I hear, are in company with the Florida, not above forty miles from here, hovering about the coast. On the evening of the 24th, or early on the morning of the 25th, the Federal steamer *Mohican* came in from St. Vincent, after lying there seven months with both anchors out, looking (?) for the Alabama. The *Castor*, in the meantime, was preparing to sail, and about one o'clock p.m., on the night of the 26th up anchor and set sail; seeing which the Federal steamer up-steam and accompanied. The *Castor*, however, was leaving the port without complying with the usual regulations, and was recalled by three blank shots from the fort, and afterwards a ball from the Gamboa Fort. The *Castor* returned, hove to, and signalled that she wanted a visit. The *Mohican* immediately returned, and waited, under steam, to see what next was going to take place. A visit was duly sent to the *Castor*, and after a couple of hours she again proceeded on her voyage; when shortly after the consignee, in a great state of mind, came running up to me, saying he wanted a steamer to catch the *Castor*, as the English consul had ordered her back, as he expected every moment the arrival of the English frigate *Forte* from Rio de Janeiro. The steamer was soon arranged, and went off and ordered the *Castor* back. She, of course, returned, and came to anchor under the lee of the Brazilian corvette. The Yankee all this time was hovering about her, and if she had gone out would most assuredly have sunk her under suspicion only. The Yankee, finding there was nothing to be done, or that the *Forte* was on her way up, left her a little before dusk on the afternoon of the 27th of May, steering to the south, and I hope she may tumble across the Alabama. A coast steamer from the south reports having seen the Georgia at the Morro de St. Paulo on the 26th, and the mail steamer from Rio, the Princess de Joinville, is reported to have seen a Confederate steamer near the Abralhos. The Brazilians are very bitter against the *Mohican*, and contrast the behaviour of her captain with that of Captain Semmes, in a manner not very favourable to the former. Captain Semmes and a number of his officers, and some from the Georgia, went up the railway with us as far as Maritima. They enjoyed the trip immensely; the captain had not been ashore since he left Kingston, Jamaica. I found him a well-educated, gentlemanly person, speaking in a quiet manner about his country, quite devoid of all bombast. His cabin is a miserable berth, the only ornament being the chronometers he has taken from the different vessels, numbering upwards of fifty. A day or two after their visit to the railway we were all—including Captain Maury, of the Georgia—at an evening party given by Mr. —. The officers behaved exceedingly well, and Captain Semmes was exactly the same as on board his vessel, even to his clothes. His uniform has not improved by exposure."

STRANGE DELUSION OF A SOLDIER.—A soldier, named Pierre Valin, has just died in one of the charitable asylums of Paris, after being subject to a singular mental aberration ever since the battle of Solferino, where he was wounded in the head by a musket shot. The wound soon healed, but the man, though apparently in good health, fancied himself dead from the time he received the injury. When asked how he was, he invariably replied, "Ah, you are asking about Pierre Valin. Poor fellow! He was killed at Solferino by a musket shot in the head. What you see here is not Valin, but a machine made in his semblance, and so badly put together that you ought to get another in its stead." In speaking of himself he never said "I" or "me," but always "it." He would sometimes remain for days in a state of complete immobility, and so insensible to pain that neither mustard poultices, blisters, pricking, nor pinching was felt by him. He would often refuse to eat, saying, "It does not want anything; it has no stomach."

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THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE. (See page 20.)



ASTON HALL FETES—VIEW OF THE HALL AND PARK NEAR BIRMINGHAM. (See page 28.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—"Faust" has proved so decided a success that no change is now made in the operas here.

MADAME RISTORI'S PERFORMANCES.—Elizabetha, the character selected by Madame Ristori for her second representation at Her Majesty's Theatre, is a yet more striking creation than Medea. It may be remembered as having been first assumed by Madame Ristori at the very end of her former engagement in this country at the St. James's Theatre, five years ago. It then produced so deep an impression, and excited such general interest, that, though the season was far advanced, it was found necessary to give two extra representations of the play in the large theatre of Covent Garden. The play dignified by the ambitious title "Elizabetha Regina d'Inghilterra," is made up of details which are in themselves so ludicrous to an English audience, that nothing less than the very highest ability on the part of the representative of its heroine could prevent it from being received with shouts of derisive laughter. Highly elaborated as is Madame Ristori's impersonation in all its details, it is yet singularly self-consistent. From the first scene, in which the Queen appears in the heyday of her strength, proud of her intellectual vigour, yet open to the grossest flattery, feared by her enemies abroad, and approached with trembling awe by her attendants, to the last, in which the lonely heart-broken woman wrestles valiantly with death, the character of the great queen in most ably maintained. It is extraordinary that the actress who portrayed naturally all the statuesque and classic grandeur of the Colchian princess, whose love and anger and despair were equally attuned to music, could so completely metamorphose herself into the likeness of the English queen, ungracious in face, angular in movement, ridiculous in costume, harsh, decided, and irritable in voice and manner. And yet, while bringing into full prominence all the personal peculiarities, that tend to make the character of Elizabeth as drawn by the Italian dramatist absolutely repulsive, the sympathies of the audience are yet enlisted by the patriotism and intellect displayed by the great queen. Madame Ristori has been but poorly supported. She played on Monday "Maria Stuarda," and on Wednesday commenced a series of recitals at Willis's Rooms, the first being Giacomini's Tragedy of "Guiditta" and the fifth canto of the "Inferno."

COVENT GARDEN.—A repetition of the performances we have previously noticed has been given this week, therefore we can do no more than chronicle the operas given—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Le Prophete," "Don Giovanni," "Massaniello," and to-night "Martha." On Tuesday, Mr. Gounod's "Faust e Margherita" is to be produced, with the following casts:—Margherita, Madame Miolan-Carvalho (the original representative of the part, and for whom it was specially composed; her first appearance this season); Siebel, Madame Didie; Marta, Mlle. Lestani; Mefistofele, M. Faure; Valentino, Signor Graziani; Wagner, Signor Tagliafico; and Faust, Signor Tamberlik.

HAYMARKET.—"Finesse" continues its successful career. An announcement in the bills informs us that the house closes on Wednesday, July 15 next. The manager takes a benefit, being the second season of five years duration under his management. The recess is to be employed in alterations and improvements.

PRINCESS'S.—When an actor, new at least to the metropolitan stage, has been for some six months tantalising the public eye with the regularly-recurring announcement that he is "engaged and will shortly appear" at one theatre, and when the manager invokes the powers of the High Court of Chancery to prevent his appearing at another, we remember what is recorded in the past pages of theatrical history, and this somewhat affects our belief that a new Roscius has been discovered waiting on the threshold of fame. That a numerous audience, however, whose curiosity had been stimulated under such circumstances, should assemble at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening, to see Mr. Walter Montgomery make his first appearance in London, seemed to be a natural consequence of the preliminary application for an injunction which had been made by Mr. Fechter the day before. There is always a broad sense of sympathy with the seemingly oppressed felt by the general public, and the mere notion that an actor with conjugal capabilities had been unjustly prevented from receiving the reward of his early exertions, and that this was the effort of an enthusiastic Shakespearian student to take his degree, despite an attempt to wrest the honours from him, decidedly predisposed the house in favour of the *debutant*. Othello, which had been selected to be the test of the tragedian, is too familiar to all classes of playgoers to render what may be called a merely "sensible" interpretation of the text sufficient to satisfy our present demands. Unfortunately for the realisation of those hopes, which some among the audience evidently entertained, Mr. Walter Montgomery gave this and nothing more. The advantages of a good face and figure, the possession of a sonorous voice, and the proof of a thorough acquaintance with the usages of the stage, with a confidence in no degree affected by the novelty of his situation, were points in his favour, readily recognised on his entrance, and which obtained for him through the first act frequent bursts of applause, generally characterised by more vigour than discrimination.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The haunted man in Mr. Dickens's Christmas story made so bad a bargain with his ghost that he was glad to be off it; but if the hearty applause of a crowded house may be taken as a test, Mr. Benjamin Webster's bargain with the propertors of the spectre that has lately been so successful at the Polytechnic will prove to be one of which he will have no reason to repent. The illusion is admirable, and it ensured the triumph of a weak and essentially undramatic piece, the meagreness of which cannot be concealed, even by the talents of such artists as Mrs. Alfred Mellon and Mr. Toole. However, the audience simply go to see the spectre. Mr. Webster has given his spectralities in liberal measure—there are no less than four apparitions, and the last is the most admirably managed of them all. The gradual fading away of the phantoms is an effect never before witnessed on any stage, and it is marvellously impressive. Here, indeed, the piece might as well be stopped; all that comes after such an illusion is a mere anti-climax, and is evidently felt to be so by the audience. Mr. Toole, acting with that thorough conscientiousness to which not less than to his natural talents he owes his present position, is admirably good in the essentially Dickensian character of Tetterby, the little newsmen. Those who regard this gentleman merely as a low comedian are singularly in error; his pathos is amongst the purest and most natural that we have; and the tremulous voice with which he assumes a cheerfulness that he has ceased to feel—the long, lingering look of pain and bewilderment with which he surveys his children just before the fatal gift of forgetfulness is bestowed upon him—these are in their way not less admirable than the quaint humour and the grotesque antics which other portions of this part demand. Mrs. Alfred Mellon plays like Miss Woolgar, and there is no better way of saying that she was earnest, unaffected, intelligent, and charming. Mr. Billington makes the most of a small part, that of William Swidger; and Mr. R. Phillips, as the Haunted Man, acts and declaims with commendable good taste. The scenery is new and effective; the music has been expressly composed by Mr. Alfred Mellon; and on the whole it is tolerably certain that Mr. Webster's investment in the spiritual, or rather optical world, will be a source of profit to him for a long time to come.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.—11 to 2 agst Lord Chesterfield's Polynesia (t); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Tanson's Caller On (t); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Bell's Brighton (t); 6 to 1 agst Lord Zetland's Carbineer (t and off); 100 to 7 agst Colonel Towneley's Doe-foot (t); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Saxon's Stanton (t) and (off); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Owen's Brilliant (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Saxon's The Monk (t and off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Cook's Adventurer (off).

GOODWOOD STAKES.—9 to 1 agst Mr. Greville's Anfield (t); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Mills's Knutsford (off).

THE DERBY, 1864.—40 to 1 agst Mr. Valentine's Hollyfox (t); 40 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Oallista Colt (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. W. Hudson's Coastguard (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Derby's Beloochee (t).

A THEATRICAL DISPUTE.

In the Rolls Court, on Friday, Mr. Selwyn moved, on behalf of Mr. Fechter, lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, for an injunction restraining Mr. Walter Montgomery from performing at any other theatre than the Lyceum without the consent of Mr. Fechter. Mr. Montgomery, in January last, entered into an engagement with that gentleman to perform at his theatre for two years; but, as the "Duke's Motto," the opening piece, had proved a success, and in which Mr. Montgomery did not sustain a part, he had not yet made his appearance, but, notwithstanding, he had regularly received his salary from the Lyceum. Mr. Montgomery did not like the arrangement, and, without the consent of Mr. Fechter, he entered into an engagement with Mr. G. Vining to appear on the following Saturday at the Princess's Theatre, as "Othello." Mr. Fechter had for some time objected to such a proceeding; yet notwithstanding that the advertisement that Mr. Montgomery would appear was still issued, and under these circumstances he applied for an injunction to restrain him from doing so.

Mr. Baggallay said Mr. Montgomery's engagement did not, under the circumstances, bind him. He had gained a position in the provinces as an actor, and it was doing him a serious injury in keeping him from making his appearance. His sole object in coming to London was to perform as early as possible before a metropolitan audience.

Mr. Bookbank, who appeared for Mr. Vining, and against whom an injunction was asked, said the engagement was made on his being informed that Mr. Montgomery was quite free.

Mr. Selwyn said Mr. Fechter intended very shortly to produce a piece for Mr. Montgomery.

His Honour said the present was not a case in which the court could interfere. It was impossible to think that when Mr. Montgomery entered into the engagement with Mr. Fechter that he was to be kept for an indefinite time in a state of idle inactivity. The statement that Mr. Fechter was going to produce a piece for him did not alter the case. The motion, therefore, must be refused.

ASTON PARK FETE.

It will possibly be fresh in the recollection of our readers the gay doings in Birmingham and its neighbourhood during the summer of 1858, on the occasion of the visit of her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort. The presence of her Majesty at that time in Warwickshire was opportune for a grand opening of Aston Hall and Park to the public. The anniversary of this opening has been just commemorated, and we take the opportunity of introducing two sketches of this fine old mansion. The doorway consists of a semicircular arch, with fluted columns supporting an entablature, above which is an ornamental panel flanked by two scroll ornaments, and surmounted by a shield, on which are emblazoned quarterly the arms of Holt, Castella, Maidenach with Grimsarwe, and Willington.

TOTAL LOSS OF THE CATALANIAN STEAMER.

The fears that have been entertained for the safety of the homeward bound steamer *Catalanian*, from Oporto, with a general cargo, and 465 head of cattle for Liverpool, appear to have been well founded; for intelligence reached the owners at Liverpool that the unfortunate vessel was totally lost in the Bay of Biscay on the night of the 9th inst., during a heavy gale of wind from the SSW. Only two of the crew are known for certainty to be saved—they reached Liverpool on Monday morning, in a state of great physical exhaustion owing to their recent exposure and sufferings. They said they were two of the crew of the steamer *Catalanian*, which sailed from Oporto on the 8th instant, with about 200 head of cattle, bound for this port. On the 6th instant it blew a heavy gale from the S.W., and when about ninety miles from Cape Finisterre the vessel almost instantaneously foundered. The women, on coming to the surface of the water, caught hold of a boat which was stove and bottom up, to which they had clung for three days and three nights, with a tenacity which only men situated as they were would do. At length they were observed by Captain Reece, of the schooner *Angelina*, who rescued them from their almost hopeless position, and, after keeping them for two or three days on board his vessel, he transferred them to the screw steamer *Una*, which brought them to Cork, and had them placed on board the steamer *Haleyon*, bound for Liverpool. On Saturday, many inquiries were made at Lloyd's respecting the *Catalanian*. She left Oporto for Liverpool on the 9th inst., and being regarded as considerably overdue her premiums of insurance advanced to a very high rate, fifty guineas being paid on her at Lloyd's, in addition to the ordinary sea risk. She had a very heavy deck load, a great portion of cargo consisting of cattle.

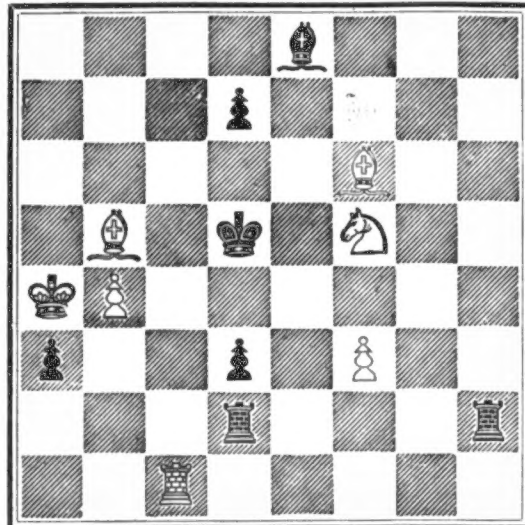
THE LONDON NECROPOLIS CEMETERY.—We have just visited the grounds of the London Necropolis and National Mausoleum Company at Woking. At this period of the year they afford a beautiful exhibition of nature improved by art. About the dead there is a sentiment and a feeling which attract many to visit the cemetery. The solemn memorials which are there seen tell a story full of the past and the present. The past, and many buried hopes; and the present, with its improvements, its rapid strides in progress, and the practical. Science and experience having taught this country the fearful results of intramural interments, the legislature prohibited burials in all large towns, and this company some few years since purchased and laid out its present grounds. Each year time has given them fresh beauty, and made them to the eye more fitting for the last resting-place of those who have left memories behind—such memories as may make their graves an association for the dead—a link between this world and that to come.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—*Advt.*

THE best remedy for toothache, tic-doloureux, face-ache, neuralgia, and all nervous affections, is Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills, used according to the directions, allay pain, effectually burden the nerves in decayed teeth, and give power to the whole nervous system, without affecting the bowels. A box is sent free by post for fourteen stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—*Advt.*

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 119.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to play, and make in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Crump and Wormald.

- | White.
Mr. Crump. | Black.
R. B. W. |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. B to Q B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | 5. B to Q B 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. P takes P | 7. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 8. B to Q Kt 2 | 8. K Kt to B 3 |
| 9. P to K 5 | 9. Kt to K 5 (a) |
| 10. B to Q R 3 (b) | 10. P to Q 4 |
| 11. P takes P (en pass) | 11. Kt takes P |
| 12. B to Q Kt 8 | 12. Castles |
| 13. B to Q B 2 (c) | 13. R to K square (ch) |
| 14. K to B square | 14. B to Q R 4 |
| 15. Q to Q 3 | 15. B to K B 4 |
| 16. Q to Q Kt 3 | 16. B takes B |
| 17. Q takes B | 17. Q to K R 5 (f) |
| 18. Q Kt to B 3 | 18. Kt takes Q P |
| 19. Q to Q R 4 | 19. Kt takes Kt |
| 20. Q takes B | 20. Q to Q B (ch) and wins |

- (a) He might also have played P to Q 4 with advantage.
(b) We should have preferred P to Q 5.
(c) Castles looks better.
(f) The terminating moves are very neat.

H. S. MONGER.—In Mr. Schmidt's Problem a White Rook should stand on K R 8. We concur in your observation on the notation of the moves.

J. WEBBE.—The following position affords an interesting example of the power of the Knights to draw against the Queen:—

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q to K 6 | 1. K to Kt 2 |
| 2. K to B 3 | 2. Kt to R 2 |
| 3. K to Kt 4 | 3. Kt to B square |
| 4. Q to Q 6 | 4. K to B 2 |
| 5. Q to Q 5 (ch) | 5. K to Kt 2 |
| 6. K to Kt 5 | 6. Kt to R 2 (ch) |
- And draws.

W. P. (Dorking).—The verse of Ibn ul Mutazz, in vindication of Chess, has been translated as under:—

"O thou, whose cynic sneers express
The censure of our favourite chess,
Know that its skill is Science's self,
Its play distraction from distress.
It soothes the anxious lover's care;
It weans the drunkard from excess;
It counsels warriors in their art,
When dangers threaten and perils press;
And yields us, when we need them most,
Companions in our loneliness."

STRANGE ACCIDENT IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.—In the north-east portion of Portsmouth dockyard, and exactly opposite the grounds which enclose the residence of the admiral-superintendent, is a large iron salt-water tank, standing on lofty iron columns over some stores of oak planking. It is 160 feet long, forty feet wide, and five feet deep, and is kept filled with salt water to assist in quenching any fire which might break out in its neighbourhood. About half-past eleven the other evening an alarm was given that it had burst, and that the water which rushed out was committing great ravages upon the roadways and the admiral-superintendent's grounds and gardens adjoining. It was found on examination that about seventy feet of the iron plates forming one side of the tank had given way, and had been hurled with the water into the roadway. The tank was built up of cast iron flanged plates, fastened together with bolts, nuts, screws, &c., in the usual manner. Some of the plates have been separated at the fastenings, the nuts having been torn off the screw ends of the bolts by the pressure of the water. In other instances the iron plates have been broken through diagonally, like pottery ware. The weight of the water in the tank was calculated at 850 tons, and the pressure against the side of the tank which has given way at about fifty tons. An inspection of the broken parts of the tank disclosed the somewhat extraordinary fact that the wrought iron tie rods in the interior of the tank were very much eaten away at their junction with the cast iron plates, when they had been submerged in the salt water. What reasons can be assigned for this destruction of wrought iron under circumstances of contact with cast iron and salt water?

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
MANSION HOUSE.

CHARGE OF ROBBERY.—Thomas Stevenson, described as a machinist; John Fleming, optician; Elizabeth Stevenson, and Amelia Brewer, a dress-maker, all of whom were stylishly dressed, were placed before the Lord Mayor to undergo an examination upon a charge of stealing a box containing a quantity of silk and crapes, to the value of about £70, from the warehouse of Messrs. Hagard and Co., commission agents, No. 1, Wood-street, Cheapside. Some evidence having been adduced, the prisoners were remanded. Bail was refused.

GUILDHALL.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY IN LONDON.—A young man from Dorsetshire, who gave the name of Case, complained to Alderman Copeland of having been defrauded. He stated that he was induced to enter a shop on Ludgate-hill where plated goods were being sold by auction, and, believing it to be a genuine sale, he purchased what were represented to him to be a "silver electro-plated" tea and coffee service, and two cups or tankards, for which he paid £3 10s. On taking them away, however, and having them valued, he ascertained that they were made of common lead, and comparatively worthless. Mr. Case said the parties who bid against him were hired for that purpose. He knew this to be a fact, because they remained in the shop when it was cleared of the public, and articles knocked down to them he afterwards saw exposed for sale. Inspector Case said he had received numerous complaints with regard to the auction-room on Ludgate-hill; but he believed the proprietors were licensed auctioneers, so that he did not exactly know how to interfere. The last person who complained of having been defrauded was settled with by the parties rather than have the matter mentioned publicly. Alderman Copeland said in that case the course adopted with regard to the mock auction in the Poultry some years ago might prove effectual. He alluded to the plan of having a placard paraded in front of the house, cautioning people to "beware of the mock auction." Mr. Case said he never heard anything about mock auctions before. Alderman Copeland recommended Mr. Case to read the "Vicar of Wakefield," and whenever he came to London again to remember "Moses and the gross of green spectacles." (Laughter.) He, however, considered it was a case for magisterial interference, and he would grant a summons against John Laven, the person who received the money and signed the receipt, and if Mr. Case could ascertain the names of the other parties he would grant summonses against them also, as it appeared very like a conspiracy.

ROBBING ERRAND BOYS.—James Johnson was charged before Alderman Finnis with a series of robberies under peculiar circumstances. Fawke, a City detective, said he saw the prisoner carrying a bundle in West Smithfield, and observing something suspicious in his conduct, he followed and stopped him. The prisoner, in answer to Fawke's inquiries, said the bundle contained a silk dress which he had brought from his mother's house in High Holborn, and was taking to Mrs. Jones, at No. 6, Finsbury-circus. He, however, described the house he was going to so inaccurately that Fawke immediately concluded the prisoner had stolen the bundle, and took him into custody. Instead of one silk dress he found two dresses, one jacket, and a table cloth. While at the police-station a boy called in to give information of his having been robbed, and instantly identified the prisoner as the man who had robbed him. Joseph Telford, a lad ten years of age, said his mother sent him with the bundle produced to Goswell street. He had another boy with him, when they met the prisoner on Blackfriars-bridge, and he asked them if they wanted a job. The other boy said he did, upon which the prisoner sent him to Fleet-street, and as soon as he was gone the prisoner said he had a concertina and some cataputs for him if he would go to his sister, who was waiting for him at the second public-house in the direction of Newgate. Witness said he would rather carry the bundle himself, but the prisoner said he was no thief, and he would take care of the bundle; but when witness returned he could not find the prisoner, until he recognised him at the police station. The only other case gone into was one in which a boy, thirteen years of age, was sent by his employers to deliver a large quantity of manufactured fancy goods to several warehouses in the City, and on the way the prisoner met him, and said he had a horse and cart in the neighbourhood, and would carry the goods for him, and give him 6d. If he would fetch two boxes for him from the Post-office. The lad was induced to leave the goods in the care of the prisoner, and when he returned the prisoner and the goods had disappeared. Bowland, a detective officer, said the prisoner admitted to him that he stole the goods, the value of which was about £15, and that he had sold them to a man in the Whitechapel-road for 30s. He said his object in following such a course was to get sent out of the country, because he had been out of work so long. The prisoner, who pleaded "Guilty," was then committed for trial on both charges.

WESTMINSTER.

A SWELLER WOMAN.—Ann Ellis, alias Wilson, alias Shaw, alias Bryant, a well-dressed woman, was charged, on remand, with picking pockets at the Horticultural-gardens. John Shore, 11 F, said that on the occasion of uncovering the memorial statue, just as the procession was passing along, he saw the prisoner place herself between two ladies who were standing apart, and as there was something suspicious in her manner he watched her very closely. The prisoner then went by the side of another lady, and, lifting her shawl, put her right hand into her pocket. The lady moved, and witness then went up to the prisoner and told her that she must leave the grounds with him as she was attempting to pick pockets. She became exceedingly indignant and replied, "I am not a lady of title, and I suppose that is the reason I am taken." She suddenly threw away an empty purse as she passed the gate, and then offered the witness and another constable a sovereign and a half to let her go, informing them that was all she had, and inquiring whether that would do. When she saw the purse in another policeman's hand, she exclaimed, without anything having been previously said on the subject, "You will never be such a wicked man as to say that that purse belonged to me?" On searching her at the station £3 7s. 6d. in gold and silver was found upon her. Another constable proved that he also saw her attempt to pick a lady's pocket. When he asked the lady whether she had lost anything, she replied, "Nothing in particular." Mr. Augustine Fitzgerald, late an officer in the 85th Regiment, said that his pocket was picked of a purse and pocket-book in the gardens. He believed the purse produced to be his; it contained £3 10s. when he lost it. His pocket-book, which contained letters with his address on them, was, in a day or two afterwards, sent back to him by post to the Junior United Service Club. The prisoner, who had affected to be a very respectable person when brought first before the magistrate, and who refused her name at the station, was recognised as an old and very expert thief, and William Combes, a supernumerary police-sergeant, now proved that, on December 1, 1851, she was sentenced to ten years' transportation for a robbery in an omnibus. The prisoner, who said the purse was her own and that she had dropped it by accident, was fully committed for trial.

CHARGE OF SWINDLING.—On the 10th inst. a fashionably dressed middle-aged man, who gave the name of Archibald George Logan, was charged with obtaining a pony under false pretences. It appeared that Philip Lane, coachman to Mr. Pearce, of Queen's Gate-terrace, Kensington, had a pony to sell for his master for thirty-five guineas. Having previously met with the prisoner, the latter came to the stables in Sloane-street, and said he should like to try the pony, as he wished one to make a present to a lady. Lane took him the pony, and on leaving it with him stated that he must either have it returned the next evening or receive a cheque for its value. Prisoner had previously given his card, "Capt. Logan." Lane saw no more of the pony, but received a cheque from the prisoner the next day, and presented it at the address given, where he found there were no effects. The prisoner was set at large on his own recognisances in £100 to appear on Tuesday week, on which day a summons was also made returnable against him by another complainant, for unlawfully detaining a gold watch. The accused did not appear on Tuesday in discharge of his recognisances; and as neither the cheque had been paid nor the pony restored, a warrant was issued for the offender's apprehension, upon which he was brought before Mr. Selfe in custody. On the prisoner being placed in the dock, it was stated that, in order to show the dishonesty of the transaction, he offered to sell the pony two hours after he had obtained it for £24. Additional evidence was heard, and the prisoner was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Henry Wright, aged 25, who described himself as an engineer, residing at 3, Market place, St. Paul's-road, Camden-town, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Regent's canal, at York-road, St. Pancras. Police-constable Goffe, 133 S, said that that morning between the hours of one and two o'clock, his attention was called to the prisoner loitering near the Canal-bridge, York-road. He saw him mount the parapet, and as he was in the act of throwing himself off, he pulled him down. The prisoner appeared very excited and a little the worse for liquor, but as he promised to go home, he allowed him to do so, and followed him for some distance. A short time afterwards on passing near the same spot, he again saw the prisoner clambering up the walls on to the parapet, and although he hastened to the spot, he was only just in time to prevent

him from throwing himself from the bridge into the water. The prisoner said on the way to the police-station, that he did not care what became of him as he was tired of his life. The prisoner said it was all folly to suppose for one instant that he should attempt to commit suicide by throwing himself into the water, for he was a very expert swimmer. He did not know what made him mount the parapet, without it was that when a boy, he used to amuse himself by jumping from the bridge into the water. He might be tired of his life, but he should never make away with his life by drowning. The constable stated that on the way to the police-court the prisoner said that he intended to destroy himself, and if he was discharged by the magistrate he would kill himself. Mr. D'Eyncourt said as the prisoner when sober had threatened to murder himself he should remand him, and in the meantime the police had better make inquiries about him. The prisoner, who looked very wild and in an excited state, was then removed.

ELOPEMENT WITH A SCHOOL-MISTRESS.—A respectable attired woman, who gave the name of Nichella, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt under the provisions of the 21st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, for an order protecting her property acquired since her desertion against her husband and his creditors. The applicant stated that about twelve years ago her husband left her, with a family of children to support, and went to Australia. He told her he was going there for the purpose of bettering himself, and that he would either send her money to take her out, or should return to her. Before he left the shores of England she ascertained that he had eloped with a port forward young woman, who had formerly been a school-mistress; and he took her out with him as his wife. She had ascertained that they cohabited together as man and wife, and that she had had several children by him. A short time since, her (applicant's) sister died and left her a little property, and as her husband might hear of it and return and claim it, she wished for an order to protect it against him and his creditors. She had brought up her family respectfully, and she thought it would be very hard if he could come back and take her property and squander it on another woman. Mr. D'Eyncourt inquired how long since it was that she heard from her husband. The applicant stated that he had not written to her for more than eight years. She had lately seen a person who resided next door to her husband when he was in Melbourne, and who had told her all about him and his paramour. He was doing very well out there. The first year that he was over there he wrote her one or two letters, and sent her a little money, but not sufficient to support his children. After that he stopped correspondence with her, and did not even deign to answer her letters, but that, she supposed, was through the hussey that was living with him. The property that had been left her was not very large, but still it was more than she should like to lose, or to have to give up to her husband, who had deserted her and her family to take up with a woman who was not fit to clean her boots. (A laugh.) Mr. D'Eyncourt granted the application, and the applicant left the court apparently much pleased.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE THROUGH DRINK.—Ellen Owen, aged 45, residing at 22, Little Camden-street, Camden-town, was charged before Mr. Barker with attempting to commit suicide, by throwing herself into the Regent's canal, at Duncan-street, Islington. From the evidence it appeared that on Sunday morning at two men were passing along the towing path they heard moans, and upon proceeding to the spot they found the prisoner in the canal endeavouring to get out. They pulled her out, and as they were going along they picked up her bonnet. She at first stated that she fell in accidentally, but afterwards stated that she had drunk too much, and, having had some words with her husband, she was induced to do what she had done. The prisoner said she was very sorry, and would never get drunk any more. Mr. Barker discharged the prisoner, and cautioned her as to how she got drunk for the future.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

STREET PREACHING.—Loring D. Dewar, 33, Chancery-street, composer, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with causing a crowd of persons to assemble in Upper Fitzroy-street by preaching, and thereby causing an obstruction to the annoyance of the inhabitants. From the evidence of Inspector Garforth, of the E division, it appeared that on the previous evening he saw the defendant preaching, and a large number of persons round him. The inhabitants complained of the nuisance, and he told the defendant that he must desist, and he did so, but went a little further and began again, and he was at length obliged to take him into custody. Defendant said everything was quite peaceful; there was no noise; and when he was told by the police that he must leave, he wanted to know whether he was only to go from the spot he was on, or to leave the street altogether. Mr. Tyrwhitt said that if the defendant caused an obstruction by his preaching he was within the law. When the police were spoken to by the inhabitants they were obliged to interfere. There was no opposition to persons preaching so long as they did not cause an obstruction. He would take the defendant's own recognisances that he would not offend again.

MARYLEBONE.

SINGULAR CASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Mary Egan, a young married woman, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by drowning herself in the ornamental waters of the Regent's-park. John Baker, 227 D, deposed that about half-past one on Sunday morning he was near the York-gate, when the prisoner rushed past him much excited. He walked after her as she was going towards the bridge. She quickly climbed over, and witness was just in time to catch her dress as she was in the act of springing into the water. She struggled hard to release herself from his hold, and he had to call for assistance. After she was on the bridge again she said she had had some words with her landlady, and if they took her to the station she would strangle herself. She had to be watched while at the station. The defendant's husband stated that for the last two or three weeks his wife had had her sister's child to mind, and it was very playful. It had made a noise on the floor over the head of the landlady, who had remonstrated about it, and many quarrels had arisen. When he got home on Saturday evening he found his wife and the landlady quarrelling, and he made her go up-stairs, and afterwards take the child home. This, he supposed, was the cause of her attempting to take her life. She had never attempted to do such a thing before. Mr. Knox remanded the prisoner for a week, in order that she might receive the advice of the chaplain of the House of Detention. The prisoner was then removed to the lock-up in a very dejected state.

WORSHIP STREET.

FRIGHTFUL ASSAULT BY WOMEN.—Margaret Cacus, Mary Framsey, and Mary Seymour, were charged with maliciously assaulting Ellen Murray, intending to do her grievous bodily harm. Station 214 H, said: About eight o'clock last night I received information that a woman had been stabbed in Old Nichol-street, Bethnal-green. I immediately hastened there, and found lying in the roadway a female bleeding from the head and several parts of the body. From what she was able to state I went to a beer-shop in the neighbourhood, where I saw the prisoner Cacus. She ran away on perceiving me and took refuge in a house where I subsequently apprehended her, while endeavouring to conceal herself. On hearing the charge, she replied, "I wish I had killed her." McKenzia, 162 H, said: Shortly after the hour mentioned I was on duty near the spot, and saw Framsey and Seymour together. The former said, "Did I not give it to her?" From what a lad almost immediately afterwards told me, I went to Nichol-street, saw the injured woman, and received from her such a description of the prisoners as justified me in seeking after the two I have mentioned, whom I soon succeeded in taking into custody, but they denied all knowledge of the assault in question. Ellen Murray identified the three, and asserted that she had been stabbed and beaten with a poker by them. She did not know the cause of the assault. Dr. Granger Tandy, of Spital-square, said: I examined the suffering woman; she is in a dreadful state, and quite unable to appear. She has three lacerated wounds on the scalp, four incised wounds on the fingers, some being bare to the bone. Some blunt instrument had manifestly been used, as also a sharp one—a knife I believe. She has lost an immense quantity of blood. Prisoners, who are stalwart women and well known to the police, were remanded.

SOUTHWARK.

REFORMATORIES AND PARENTS.—John Dalton, a shoemaker, was summoned before Mr. Combe by Mr. Brennan, inspector of Government reformatories, to show cause why he neglected and refused to pay 12s. due for eight weeks' past maintenance of a child in the Reformatory. Mr. Brennan said that the defendant's daughter was convicted at this court for robbing her parents, and sentenced to a short imprisonment and two years in a reformatory. The defendant was afterwards ordered to pay 1s. 6d. a week towards her maintenance. He, however, defied the authorities, and refused to pay a farthing. He had been summoned for £1 10s., which he declined to pay, and was consequently committed to prison. Since his liberation, the sum of 12s. had accrued, and, as he refused to pay that, witness was directed to take the present proceedings. The defendant assured his worship that he was unable to pay a farthing, as he had no certain work. Mr. Brennan said that he had made particular inquiries respecting the prisoner, and had found out that he had plenty of work if he liked to do it, but he was lazy and dissipated. Mr. Combe ordered him to be kept at hard labour for ten days, in default of paying the money.

A YANKEE AMONGST SHARPERS.—On Monday, Acting-Inspector Wise, of the Stone's-end police-station, entered the court with a fine-looking young gentleman, to ask his worship's assistance under the following circumstances:—Applicant said that on Saturday afternoon he was looking in at

a shop window in the Strand, when a well-dressed man came and stood alongside of him, and they got into conversation about the fineness of the weather and the Drawing-room. He also said that he was a perfect stranger in London, and that he came up to see the sights. Applicant told him he was also a stranger and was going to see the Crystal Palace. The stranger said he intended to go there, and as he knew the way to London-bridge Railway Station, he would show him the way and accompany him. They walked away some distance, and when they got over the bridge entered a public-house, to partake of a glass of ale. While standing at the bar, an elderly-looking man came in, and in a hurried manner asked if they had seen a dark young lady come in, dressed in black satin. They said they had not; when the old gentleman said he had given her a sovereign a short time before to buy a pair of gloves, and had promised to meet her there. He, however, said he did not care, as he had just come into possession of a legacy of £40,000, and he had lots of money. He then got into conversation with the first man, and bet him £10 that he would throw a piece of iron, weighing 36lbs., fourteen yards. The first man accepted the bet, and asked him to accompany them to see fair play. They all went to a public-house in Friar-street, where there was a skittle-ground behind, and three men playing. They measured it, when the first man said that the bet could not be decided there, as the place was not fourteen yards long. The game of skittles was then introduced, and he lost about £5, all he had about him, in betting. At last the old man said he would bet him £200 that he did not knock the nine pins down in fifteen times. Although he was a novice at the English game, he knew he could knock them down in much less than that, but not having the money about him, he offered to go and fetch it. The first man urged him to do so, as he was sure to win the rich man's money, when he went to his hotel, got his letter of credit, and drew out £200 from the bank. He returned to the public-house with that sum, and wanted to play at once as agreed, but the old man refused to go on with that, and other bets were introduced among the five men, and he soon lost his £200, and the men laughed at him, but one of them gave him a sovereign to go to his hotel. Mr. Combe: What is it you want me to do? Applicant: I want you to grant me a warrant for the apprehension of the five men, as there can be no doubt they are skittle sharpers. Mr. Combe: What countryman are you? Applicant: I am a native of the United States, and just come from Ohio. I, however, did not think there were such cheats in London. (Laughter.) Mr. Combe: If, as you say, they cheated you, why did you not give them into custody? Applicant: The police would not take the charge, sir. Acting-Inspector Wise here informed his worship that the Commissioners of Police had given orders that such charges should not be taken unless a warrant was granted by a magistrate. Mr. Combe (to applicant): Did the sharpers, as you call them, play skittles fairly? Applicant: Yes, as far as I could see, sir; or I would not have gone on betting. Mr. Combe: Did they pass money as well as you to each other? Applicant: They handed to the stakeholder what appeared to be bank notes. I could not see what they were, but I have no doubt now that they were bank notes. Mr. Combe: That you can't swear to. They might have been Bank of England notes as well as yours. I suppose you won you would have expected the stakes? Applicant: Of course I should. Mr. Combe: Then I can do nothing for you. You join a lot of strange men and commence playing and betting with them with a view of winning their money. They are too sharp for you, and you lose your money. You cannot swear that any of them cheated you, therefore I cannot grant a warrant. Applicant then left the court very discomfited at his loss.

LAMBETH.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY A FOOLISH GIRL.—Eliza Wheeler, a good-looking young woman, who has been in custody on a charge of making a determined attempt at self-destruction by throwing herself into the Surrey Canal, was brought before Mr. Elliott for final examination. From the evidence, it appeared that, at an early hour in the morning, the prisoner was observed by a man named Pope to approach the banks of the canal in a hurried manner, throw off her bonnet and shawl, and jump into the water. The drags were procured, and she was brought on shore in an extremely exhausted state. The reason she gave on the last examination for attempting the rash act was, that, on the charge of her father, she had been committed from this court for three months, and the consequence was, that her sweetheart had deserted and refused to marry her. Her mother was in attendance, and informed the magistrate that her daughter's young man had visited her twice while she was in prison this last time, and the consequence was that they became good friends again, and he had also expressed his intention of carrying out his promise of marriage. The prisoner, who seemed overjoyed at the information conveyed by her mother, expressed her sorrow for what had happened, and solemnly promised not to repeat the act. She was at once discharged.

SINGULAR APPLICATION.—Benjamin Burch, a little man of 70, applied to Mr. Elliott for his advice under the following circumstances: From the statement of the applicant it appeared, that in the month of February last, he lost his wife, who had been his partner for fifty years, and by whom he had a family of five sons and two daughters, the youngest of whom was twenty-eight, and wishing for another partner, he selected for his second wife a female of fifty, who attended the same chapel as himself. About seven weeks ago, he made her a formal offer of marriage, which she accepted; and to prove the sincerity of his intentions he gave her an undertaking in writing that if he did not marry her on Friday, the 19th of June, he should forfeit and pay to her the sum of £20. His family, on learning his intentions, set their faces against the marriage, and he arranged with his intended that their marriage should be put off for a short time; but he was, he said, determined on having her. Mr. Elliott: Then what is it you want me to do? Dixon (the usher): From what I can learn, it appears the friends of his intended have threatened to bring an action against him for the recovery of the £20, which they say he has forfeited, and also for a breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Elliott: I can give him no advice on the subject; he had better go and consult a solicitor. The little man here left the witness-box, and waddled out of the court amidst much laughter.

SHUTTING OUT A PREACHER.—Mr. Carter, who described himself as a public preacher, applied to Mr. Elliott for his advice and assistance under the following circumstances: The applicant stated that about three months since he agreed with Mr. Stirling, as the agent and manager of Mr. Dion Bonicault, to take the Theatre Royal Westminster for one year, and to pay a sum of £300 for it, for the privilege of preaching in it every Sabbath evening, and having it thrown open to his hearers. Of this sum he paid down £100, but, to his great surprise, on presenting himself on the evening before, with his usual attendants, he found the doors closed, and he could not obtain an entrance for himself or his congregation. He had endeavoured to obtain some explanation for such extraordinary conduct on the part of Mr. Bonicault, or his agent, Mr. Stirling, and all he could learn was, that the former gentleman had closed the theatre, and that, in consequence, it came into the hands of Mr. Batty, the former lessee, and its being closed against him, Mr. Carter, was by the direction of the latter gentleman. Mr. Elliott said he could not afford the applicant any assistance, as it was not a matter in which he could interfere. Mr. Carter wished to say that for the money he had paid he had four Sundays more to preach, but was told by the magistrate that this made no difference so far as he was concerned, as the matter was one in which he had no jurisdiction.

HAMMERSMITH.

CHILD MURDER.—A young woman named Sarah Jenner was charged before Mr. Ingham with the murder of her female child. In this case a coroner's inquest had been held on the body of the child, but the jury after three adjournments were unable to agree, and they were discharged without delivering a verdict. The evidence went to prove that the prisoner was in the service of a gentleman named Grech, at that time residing at No. 3, Campden-hill-road, Kensington, where she had been for six months. On the evening of the 23rd ult., she complained of illness, and asked permission of her master and mistress to go to bed, which was granted. She continued ill all the following day, Sunday, and it was not until night, and after the second visit of Dr. Martin, who had been called in, and she confessed the truth, and she then told her master that she had been delivered of a child. She stated that it was dead, and the body was up the chimney in the room. Inspector Bocking was communicated with, and he found the dead body of a child behind the flap of the register stove. There was a cloth round the child's body, one end of which was in the mouth, and as he removed the deceased from the chimney it fell out. Dr. Martin examined the body which was enveloped very tightly in a rough cloth. It was fully formed and apparently a healthy child. The navel string was torn and had not been tied. There were marks apparently of violence on the chin and upper lip and on the tip of the cartilage of the nose. The nostrils were closed, and the marks, as far as Dr. Martin could judge, would only be accounted for by some pressure, and the post mortem examination was indicative of suffocation. His opinion was that the child had died from violence, though he could not swear that there had been a separate existence from the mother. It also appeared that the prisoner had kept her condition unknown to her friends, and no preparations for the birth of a child could be found. The prisoner, who was allowed a seat in the dock, cried bitterly and held her face in her hands. She offered no defence. Mr. Ingham committed her for trial for the murder.

ASTON BALL FETE, BIRMINGHAM.

THE 15th was the first day of the Aston Hall and Park Company's fete, in commemoration of the visit of her Majesty the Queen to the Park some years ago. We are sorry to say that it had not so much success as it deserved, nor so much as attended the like celebrations on previous occasions. The weather—always so important a consideration as affecting out-of-door amusements—although it was sufficiently fine during the greater part of the day, was threatening, and this had almost as evil an influence upon the fete as if it had actually been raining. Perhaps there were other causes which operated so as to make the fete only partially successful; but whatever they were, we were certainly unable to trace any of them to a deficiency in the programme. It was really a very excellent one, and contained matter sufficient to satisfy any one who was willing to be pleased. In point of fact, the difficulty was to see and hear all that was to be heard and seen; and an "old party," who did not pause to reflect whether his remarks were consistent with his own dignity or not, was heard to observe in a very querulous tone, as if he was very badly treated by the Aston Park Company, "that he was like an ass between two bundles of hay—he didn't know which to choose." The dilemma was that he must either miss the astonishing sleight of hand tricks of "Professor Horace Henri," or the grand march "Athalie" (Mendelssohn), which happened to be at that moment performed by the excellent band of the Scots Greys. It was hard to choose; and how the old gentleman got over the difficulty we cannot tell. We only speak of his soliloquy to show that there was no lack of the means of pleasure for those who were willing to be pleased; and under the circumstances it is a matter of regret that one cannot indulge in the usual strain, and congratulate the thousands upon their escape from toil to mirth, from anxiety to pleasure, and from the unwholesome air of a smoky manufacturing town to the fine and healthful breezes of the country. We cannot write in this strain, because the truth is that the number in the park during the day was very small compared with what it was in former years, and compared with what we might expect to assemble upon an occasion of the kind. It must not be inferred that the fete was quite unsuccessful, for towards evening the crowd was largely increased, although it was not so large as it would have been had the weather been more settled.

The programme was a very comprehensive one, and to go through the various performances, occupied the whole time from three o'clock till half-past nine, with only a brief interval at half-past six. The band of the Grenadier Guards was present, by permission of Colonel Lambert and the other officers; and as the festivities were in commemoration of her Majesty's visit, the members appeared in their State uniform.



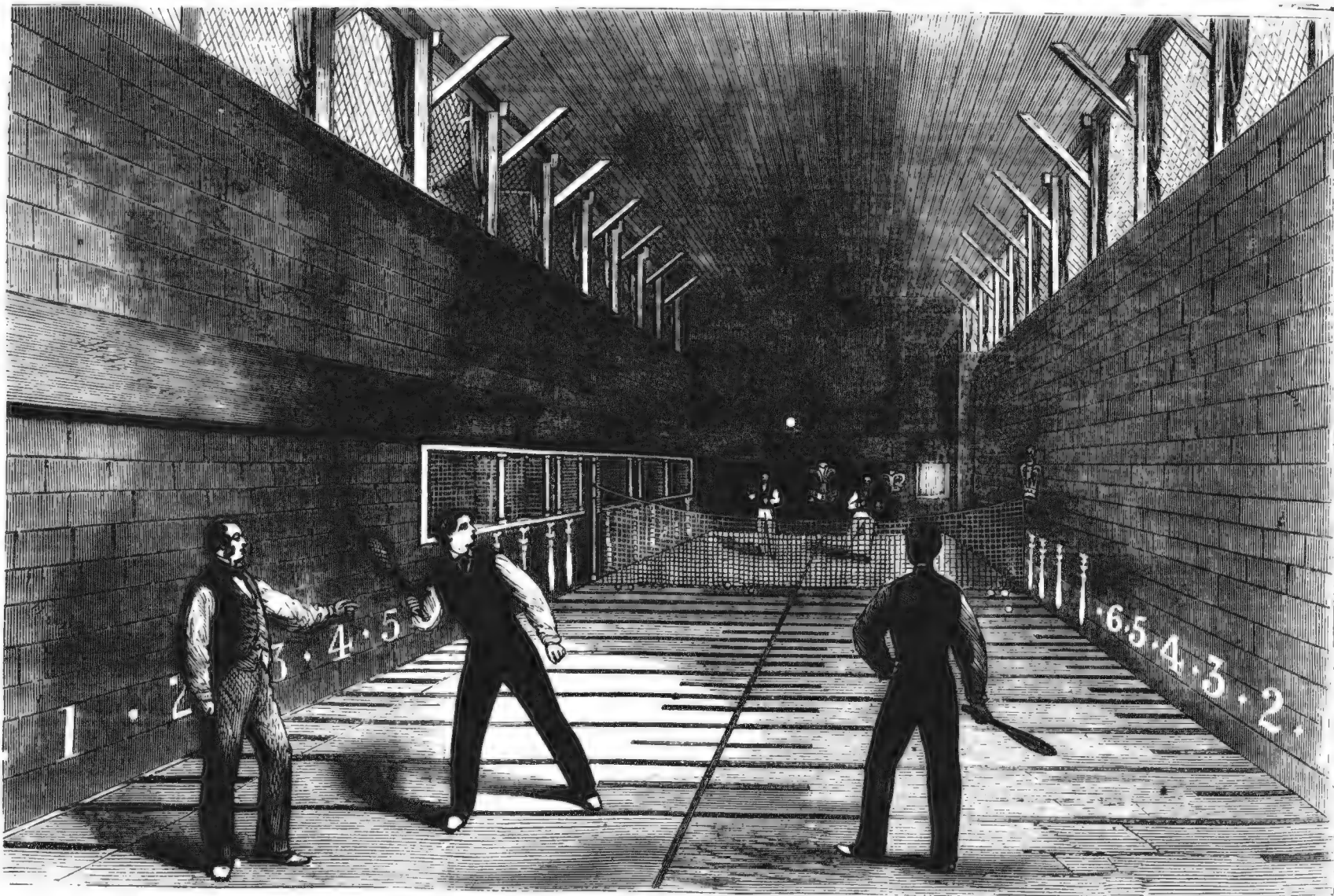
ANCIENT DOORWAY, ASTON HALL. (See page 26.)

At about ten o'clock the grand pyrotechnic display, which was the greatest event of the day, commenced. It was under the direction of Mr. J. Wilkes, and any one who witnessed it must give him credit for far more than ordinary skill and care in the preparation of it. An opportunity of witnessing a display of fireworks on so grand a scale is not very often met with. On account of the badness of the weather, the second day's fete was postponed till the 29th.

It is said that Prince Oscar will command the Swedish fleet which is to meet the Emperor at Cherbourg next month.

LORD LUCAN AND GENERAL BROTHERTON.—The recent case in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which the Balaklava charge was re-enacted on paper, has given rise to a hostile feeling between a distinguished veteran general of cavalry and a noble lord who served in the Crimea, and who lately filed an affidavit respecting the action on behalf of Colonel Calthorpe. It was mainly in consequence of that misunderstanding the affidavit was filed. The noble lord, on receiving a challenge from the general, repaired to Paris, and waited there for some time, but returned to London just as the general proceeded to France, where he still remains. It is understood that steps have been taken to prevent any accomplishment of the designs entertained by the generals to arrange their differences after a style which has now very much gone out of fashion. — *Army and Navy Gazette*.

A FEARFUL FALL.—The other afternoon great excitement was caused among the Wear killed by falling down the shaft of Usworth Colliery. This fortunately did not turn out colliers by a report that twelve men had been to be the case, though they had a narrow escape from instant death, and experienced a fearful fall. It appears that the men employed in the pit were changing, and twelve of them were in the act of descending the shaft in a cage, when the crank pin of the engine broke, and, as the connexion between the machinery and the rope was then severed, the loaded cage descended with amazing rapidity to the bottom of the shaft, upon which it fell with great violence, while the ascending cage, which was empty, was dragged over the top of the pulley and fell upon the top of the engine-house. The men, as might be expected, were much shaken, but none of them were seriously injured, one man receiving a slight bruise on the leg, and another feeling sick and faint from the shock. The escape of the men must be attributed to the fact that the accident fortunately happened when the cage was near the bottom—within, it is said, ten or twelve fathoms, and to the energy with which the brakeman applied the brake. The cage which was dragged over the pulleys was much injured, and a great deal of masonry was displaced, but that was about the extent of the damage done.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TENNIS COURT, OXFORD.



MISS VILLIERS'S RECEPTION BY LORD PENTON AND HIS FRIENDS.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW OWNER.

It may, perhaps, have occurred to the reader to have had some experience of a group of men all of whom know that a quarrel must burst forth before long amongst two of their party, and who feel that the longer the angry feelings are pent up, the more fierce, and irreconcilable will be the disagreement when it becomes apparent.

Under these circumstances all the actors are given, more or less, to silence. Most men are, for the greater part, candid and open in those ordinary affairs of daily life which do not immediately affect themselves and, therefore, in such a case, little attempt at ease and cheerfulness is made.

So it was with the party at Oaklands.

All felt that Dorton was not the man tamely to endure the outrage which had been put upon him, and all, therefore, anticipated a stormy termination to the evening. Men do not, as a rule, commit themselves to duels in England, but it is often felt that only an appeal to arms can be the result of certain conduct; and, under the influence of this conviction, Englishmen feel as though the duel were an actual and national institution.

And indeed among the higher classes this mode of terminating a quarrel is more in vogue than many would be prepared to believe. But happily such encounters are very rarely fatal, and the English law being deadly opposed to this mode of settling personal differences, the public seldom hear of those that occur. Shots are exchanged, no harm is done, and if the reports are heard, people come to the conclusion that the poachers are still out, and turning on their sides, fall asleep again.

The incident of the note brought to Lord Penton, and Dorton's warning remark upon it, were followed by a silence, which, though it lasted but a few seconds, was sufficient to intensify the feeling of doubt which was felt by those of the party who were not active performers in the dispute that was brooding about them.

Harry St. Rock, a youngster who had already seen service in India, was the first to break silence with the remark, that as he supposed Penton had sold the billiard-room with the house, perhaps he would personally pay his last respects to the board in a mild exertion at pool.

The words were a sufficient excuse for one of the awkwardest choral laughs ever effected, and it had barely ended, neither Dorton nor Pomeroy having joined in it, when Rickingham called out, "Hullo! here's some one turned up; I hear wheels on the drive!"

"Perhaps it's a creditor," said St. Rock, who, on the strength of one very small wound (in the back—but this he accounted for on the score of surprise on the part of the enemy), thought fit to be clever—"perhaps it's a creditor!"

Penton rang the bell; and a kind of under-gardener appearing, he said, "If any one has just come, show him in."

"Yes, my lord!" said the man, staring to that

extent that his wide-opened mouth appeared to be a third eye with no expression in it.

"Bet it's a creditor!" said St. Rock, once more.

"Tell you what it is, Rock," said Penton;

"you always spoil a good thing!"

"Can't remark that you do!" said the young

soldier; "for you never trot out a good thing that

you can spoil!"

The words were followed by a light rattling

laugh on the part of Sir Edgar Pomeroy. The sound caused two of those present to start—one was Lord Penton, the other Gilbert Dorton.

Had any watcher been present, it might have

been seen that Dorton had been watching his

half-brother for some time.

Lord Penton looked at the baronet, and said,

"Pomeroy, you laugh like a schoolboy!"

Before the baronet could reply, Dorton called

out, "It's well, my lord, he can! Some men can-

not laugh like schoolboys!"

"I say, Penton," called out St. Rock, in his

own candid way, "ain't you getting it hot! Hil-

looa, here's Learned, with a message! He'll

have to shut his mouth now."

The latter part of the remark was addressed to

the staring domestic who now returned, and with

his mouth so immensely spread that it might be

described as two expressionless eyes rolled into

one. There was not a glimpse of perception in

the individual's face.

"Well, what's the matter? Speak out," said

Penton.

"Bet he can't," said St. Rock, in a low voice;

but, happily, no one took the bet, for the next

moment a something like intelligence—just a

spark of it—glittered in the face of Mopes, as

St. Rock christened him on the spot, and he said,

"Plase, me lord, he be going to go agin'."

"Dear, dear, dear!" continued St. Rock, who

was like an eight-day clock in this—that, when

wound up, he could rattle on for a week.

"Who is going?" asked the peer.

"Him as comed."

"There, now you know all about it, Penton,"

said St. Rock. "This is the most lucid individual

I ever saw. Look here, my man; do you know

your own crown? No; the individual don't. Do

you know half-a-crown? Yes; the individual

does. He can smile! There, take it; and now

be going to go agin' yourself. There, trot out."

"I'll swear I heard a four-wheeler on the

gravel," said Rickingham; and the speaker going

to the window, and undoing the shutters, he

looked out and continued, "And there the four-

wheeler is."

Lord Penton went over to the window, followed

by all except the two half-brothers, and there,

sure enough, was a post-chaise, the horses steam-

ing in the moonlight.

"Depend upon it, this is romance," said

St. Rock, who had been diving at the claret

to listen to the words. And as he passed his hands over his forehead, he appeared to be endeavouring to recall, or to associate the voice with some past event.

"Good even to ye arl," was continued in the loud voice—"till morrow. Ah! not sleep in this hoos till morrow if the lord-man be in't. Ah! sleep at inn."

Here the rusty springs of the post-chaise complained, as a heavy-looking man, having passed through the portico, entered the vehicle.

The group of young men were still at the window, but they could not be observed by the apparently high-tempered rustic gentleman; for St. Rock had, with great dexterity, dashed at the lamp, turned it out, and so plunged the dining-room in comparative darkness; for, as we have said, the moon was shining, and its light lit up the room through the open window sufficiently to enable the men to distinguish one another.

"And who's the elegant one, Penton?" asked

St. Rock.

"That, I presume, is the new Lord of Oak-

lands," said Lord Penton.

"Ha!—I see!" replied St. Rock. "Lord Lem-

minga—wasn't that his dear name? Well, I con-

gratulate the county on its acquisition. If this

is the father, I wonder what the daughter is? I'll

lay odds she'll milk the home-farm cows on the

lawn, and perhaps make her own butter. Depend

upon it, if you carry off the heiress, Penton,

you'll have to churn. What do you call the god-

dess?"

"Her father calls her Sweetheart Nan," said

Lord Penton; and as he spoke, a few earnest

words were heard, coming from the spot at which

Dorton and his brother were seated.

"Did you speak, Dorton?" asked the noble-

man.

"No."

"That's a short answer!"

"Then, there's the less in it!" replied Pomeroy,

answering for his brother.

There were a few moments of silence, and then

Lord Penton said, pettishly, "Can't one of you

fellows nearest the bell ring it? It's infernal

absurd knocking about here in the dark!"

One of the more obsequious of the guests (for

the majority of them felt that Penton, being in

his own place, ought to have summoned a ser-

vant himself) felt his way to the bell, and sounded

it; but it had to be rung a second time before it

was answered, and then the individual who had

already appeared, once more brought his now

darkened countenance into the room.

"Lights!" said he whom we will still call the

master of the house; but they were so long in

coming that Lord Penton had lost his temper

half a dozen times in the interval, and he im-

mediately began swearing at the individual.

"There, don't lose your temper!" said one of

the men; whereupon St. Rock, seeing another

chance, called out, "That's a fool's recommenda-

tion, Harry, for Penton never had one to lose!"

Young St. Rock often expressed his repentance,

after this unfortunate night, that he had helped

to encourage the quarrel with which it ended.

"Where's Mrs. Helps?" asked Penton of the

man, who by this time was in such a miserable

mental condition that he was hardly in a state to

answer to his name.

"Garne out, me lord."

"Where?"

"To soommer pavilion wi' young lady."

"Tell her I'll see her in the library, and let me

know when she's there."

Lord Penton made no inquiry as to who the

young lady was. Naturally he supposed the under-gardener, who was doing duty as a foot-man, referred to Ellen Villiers.

The man was preparing to go out, when Dor-

ton said, "Penton, can I speak to your man."

"Of course, my dear fellow."

"How far," Dorton continued, "is it to the vil-

lage?"

"About a mile," said the man.

"Penton," continued Dorton, "will you kindly

allow me and my brother to go down to the vil-

lage? We have business there."

"May I ask with whom?"

"Mr. Lemmings."

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"And does Pomeroy?"

"No."

"Then why should Edgar go with you to this

clodhopper? You may know the man, but it

doesn't follow Pomeroy should acquire the doubt-

ful honour."

"Look here, Penton, I know my own business,

and, candidly, I find I must go down to the vil-

lage and see the man. I also wish my brother to ac-

company me."

"In the first place, Dorton, he is not your

brother; and in the second, Pomeroy is quite old

enough to decide for himself."

The baronet started.

"Will you come, Edgar?" asked Dorton.

"No," replied the younger half-brother, and

speaking a little coolly. "I don't know the man,

and I don't care to intrude on him. It's late for a

stranger to visit a fellow. But you, Gilbert, of

course can see him. I suppose you'll come back

here for the night?"

A shade of disappointment crept over Dorton's

face.

"No matter," he said, "and perhaps I can afford

to wait. Yes, I'll go down in the morning. Who

says a billiard?"

"By Jove, Dorton," said the nobleman, "one

would fancy you wanted to get Edgar Pomeroy

out of the house."

"My dear Penton," Dorton replied, "you may

fancy what you like."

The next moment the men were rising from the

table, and strolling towards the billiard-room.

Meanwhile, it is necessary, in order to keep the

reader's comprehension clear upon all the chief

points of interest in this night's complicated work,

that he should follow us to another portion of

Oaklands Castle.

The post-chaise had contained the passionate

man who had been driven away in that vehicle,

and a young girl who had, apparently, remained

at Oaklands.

For the present elucidation of this involved

portion of our history it is only needful to say

that, after some few moments' conversation be-

tween herself, him who had accompanied her,

and old Mrs. Helps, the housekeeper, and which

had transpired during the discussion in the dining-

room as to the arrival or non-arrival of a carriage,

it was decided by the country-spoken individual

that accompanied her, that though he would not

sleep under that roof till the morrow, she must,

as he would not have his daughter sleep in a com-

mon inn.

Squire Lemmings, as he was afterwards called,

thereupon departed, leaving the young lady in

the housekeeper's charge.

How it came to pass that Mrs. Helps men-

tioned Miss Villiers within three minutes of

seeing Sweetheart Nan calls for no explanation.

Mrs. Helps told all people she came across every-

thing she knew in an up and down style the moment she saw them, so it is not very wonderful that she should have given Sweetheart Nan so many particulars in reference to Miss Villiers, that she recognised her as being an old school-fellow.

Desiring to be taken to the young lady at once, Mrs. Helps, with so many more words and particulars all in one sentence, that she seemed a badly-printed book, led the way to the strange out-house to which we have already referred, and in which Ellen Villiers had taken up her residence.

"The which," said Mrs. Helps, "I do hope she have not gone to bed; but a good girl, and most regular in her habits like a clock. And my lady's last words were, 'Ellen, you cannot come to grief, being good and regular; and which we must all die; and three steps my lady, that is, three down; and here is the summer pavilion, and happily Miss Villiers not a-bed, though doubtless near it. Four steps up to the terrace, my lady—miss, I mean, but so accustomed to my lady; and thirteen steps up to the upper room of the pavilion, and very inconvenient to have to come out in the air to go to bed. But there! it's a summer-house, and far be it from me to question what my lord himself built."

"Give me the lamp," said Sweetheart Nan—or rather, we should at present say, Annie Lemmings. "Is dear Ellen Villiers indeed so near me?"

Running up the stairs, she called "Ellen—Ellen! do you recognise my voice?"

No answer was returned.

Annie ran into the room, followed by stout, panting Mrs. Helps.

"No one is here," said Annie, speaking in a sweet, soft voice.

"But you and me, my lady—miss—but other so accustomed to—but being a lamp a burning, Miss Villiers is not far away, and doubtless in the moonlight thinking—catching cold, too, and nothing on her head."

"Ellen, Ellen!" cried Annie, going to the door, and calling in a loud but still sweet voice.

No answer welcomed her words.

"The which, a lamp being lighted, near she must have been; though down my back I feel the creeps, though wherefore I can't say!"

The mere fact of Mrs. Helps not being able to "say," brought that locomotive woman to a dead astonished stop.

"How very faint and hot this room feels!" said Annie. "Pray open the window."

"The which I will; but never place like this for draughts was made, the windy and door being open—all it is—draught, I mean—and—there!"

It was quite true, the opening of the window created a thorough current through the room.

"That is better," said Annie. "What an odd-coloured lamp-glass!" she continued, looking at the lamp, and supposing the colour of the flame was that of the glass.

"The which the young lady—I will look for, my lady—miss, I mean; and the creeps are doubling down my back. Why—but no matter; and she must be somewhere, and all correct, I'm sure—most regular, though living in a summer house!"

"Do not take the trouble to come back," said Annie; "doubtless, Miss Villiers will return in a few minutes. I am in want of nothing. Good night—take care of the steps."

"Good night, and bless your face heaven, for your words so kind; and return I will, after finding—which she must be somewhere—and regular—and proper—never any one, though my own daughter, I say it—more so, miss, good night!"

Here Mrs. Helps began to move, but not to cease talking, which operation, by the way, quite outlasted her footsteps.

And, now, to complete this chapter, we have only to record that Mrs. Helps had not left the out-building more than a couple of minutes, when the young lady, who had sat down on a sofa, so as to gain a view through the window, and in order, beyond a doubt, to watch for the return of her friend, when the young lady, we say, suddenly shuddered and turned pale.

She put her hands to her temples, with sudden alarm. She tried to rise, to call for help, but she had no power of so doing.

She had only the ability to guide herself, as she fell back upon the sofa upon which she was seated, and in a few moments she was senseless.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUARREL.

It is now time to return to the guests in the house on the last night of Lord Penton's ownership.

The party breaking up from the dinner-table, the long windows opening to the ground were thrown open, the men being heated with their liquor, and they broke up into couples. Three or four entered the billiard room, a couple went this way, a third that.

Sir Edgar Pomeroy had followed Lord Penton; and the latter, apparently with malice aforethought, for he looked towards Dorton, immediately asked the baronet if he were good for a stroll down the avenue.

"I'm with you," said Pomeroy; and the next instant the men were strolling under the moonlit line of lime trees.

Dorton's eyes followed them as their footsteps died away. He went to the window when they had passed on to the lawn, and, leaning against the lintel, he looked after them with that quiet anxiety which shows so little of the agony it causes.

"Penton's a bad man," he thought aloud. "I'm afraid Eddy will come to no good with him."

"You're right there," said a voice behind him. "He's a nigger, as we say in Cabul."

"Oh, St. Rock! you there?"

"Yes, Dorton. Don't cry off. I heard you, and heard you right. Penton's a cad, and no mistake; and Eddy Pomeroy'll come to grief if you don't look out."

"How can I, at sea?"

"Thought they always kept a look-out at sea," he replied. He couldn't help it. He never missed

a chance of blowing off the worst pun in the world.

"Don't be a fool, St. Rock! I'm rather worried!"

"I understand, and see your play, Dorton. Bowl Penton out, if you can!"

"Can? I will!"

"That's your sort! Stop ashore—sell out! Oh, I forgot you fellows in the navy don't sell out!"

"No—we leave that to you lobsters!" said Dorton, with something like a laugh; but he did not remark St. Rock's reply, for he heard a quick step approaching; and somehow, having been told by their mother, on her death-bed, to watch over the younger brother, he must have gained something of the perception of a woman, for he felt the approaching step to be Edgar Pomeroy's.

He ran out to meet him, and doing so, Edgar caught him by the hand.

"You're the man I want to see, Gilbert!" he said; and then dropping his voice, he added, "I provoked him, and we're going to burn gun-powder!"

The elder brother started, but he said, lightly, "Oh, who's the other target?"

"Penton!"

"Really going to fight, Edgar?"

"Yes!"

"Well, but that kind of thing is not English!"

"What's a fellow to do when another fellow insults him?"

"Fists!" said Dorton, laconically.

"Oh, that does in a general way; but when a man has played with the life of a fellow's brother, as Penton played with yours, it goes beyond fists!"

"So, youngster," said the elder brother, "you really mean to be a brick, and fight him?"

"Yes, brother Dorton; and I count upon you to be my best man."

"Yes, Eddy, I promise that if you fight Penton, I'll second you."

"If? Nothing can stop it."

"No? Well, you know best. When is the affair to come off?"

"To-morrow, at day-break."

"Very well. Then of course till then you are mine. In these precious kind of matters the principal always leaves himself in the hands of his second, and so I order that you go to the room they have prepared for you, I suppose, and take a good sleep to steady you for your work. I'll be up with you in half-an-hour, but don't keep awake for me."

"Why, where are you going?"

"To settle with Lord Penton."

"To settle, Gil? What do you mean?"

"That is, settle preliminaries with his second. Good night. If you be asleep when I come up I shan't wake you. Shake hands, dear, as we used to say when we were little children. One ought always to shake hands at night-time with his brother when he's near at hand. For who knows what the dark hours may bring forth? Good-bye, dear!"

"I'll be hanged if I can make you out, Gil."

"Nonsense, old boy! Good night!"

By the time the younger brother had reached his room—half proud of being about to fight, and half guilty with the fear of killing or being killed, Dorton had stepped fiercely through the window-way, and had crunched a score of yards over the gravel in his search for Lord Penton, when St. Rock overtook him, and said, "By Jove, you've put the steam on! I say, I could not help hearing. Surely you won't let Penton bang at Pomeroy? He's a crack shot, and Pomeroy's all a muf! at a trigger. Beg pardon for saying it of a fellow's brother, but he is, you know."

"Edgar Pomeroy will not fight with Penton," said Dorton.

"S'pose he quarrelled with Penton about putting you on Jet. He's quite right. What are you up to?"

"Where's Penton?"

"Down near the fountain below there. Want him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I promised our mother to look after her second son. I'm going to do it."

So saying, he strode away, and walked fiercely in the direction which had been pointed out.

Sure enough, Lord Penton was strolling and smoking with one of the party of men; and just behind the fountain. Dorton slackened his pace, and overcame his agitation as he approached.

"You come from Pomeroy?"

"No!"

"If so, I'd hand you over to Captain Smedley, here."

"Thank you, Penton; but for what purpose?"

"Thought perhaps Pomeroy had been taking counsel with you."

"Upon my life, Penton, I wish my brother would take counsel with me, as you call it, oftener than he does. It would be better for him."

"And worse for me?"

"I did not say so."

"But, by Jove, you meant it!"

Dorton made no reply, and, after a short pause, Penton began to laugh sufficiently loud to provoke a reply.

"You're lively to-night, Penton!"

"Why not? I'm thinking of our last bet—200L. You to bolt with my last mistress. Not so bad. Within twenty-four hours, and at eleven to-night, she will be ready to post off with me."

"Do you go at eleven?"

"No; I must trouble the fair one to wait till after daybreak."

"Painful for you."

"For you, you mean!"

"Don't be too lively, Penton. I've not the best temper in the world. I don't want to quarrel with you, but I shall, if you don't leave me alone. I haven't yet forgotten the affair of this morning."

Lord Penton little thought what was passing in Dorton's mind; he little dreamed that, as the latter had tramped down the gravel path, he had

asked himself how he could provoke the nobleman without allowing him to see that he did so in order to shield his brother. The lord could not see that the provocation he was himself making was the very course of conduct which suited the naval surgeon.

"Pray don't forget the affair of this morning, my dear fellow. It's lucky Jet didn't kick you off."

"It's lucky for you the kicking stopped where it did."

"Kicking?" said Penton, quickly; and at this moment suspecting Dorton's manoeuvre, he continued, "Doubtless, if you don't come from Sir Edgar, you have just seen him?"

"Yes, I have."

"And he has told you the news?"

"He said he was tired, and good night; and he has gone to bed."

"Well, I am tired, Dorton, and I'll say good night, and I'll go to bed, too."

"One moment, Penton. You've got your meeting for to-night at eleven?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what for?"

"That's the question of a child of five."

"To get your dismissal, my dear fellow. I've told her you bet all she was worth against £200; and the lady's offended at the little value you set on her sole property."

"By Jove!" said Penton; "you don't mean to say you've sold me in that style?"

"All's fair in love."

"You've been a confoundedly meddling—"

"Take care—I don't seek this row."

"Confoundedly meddling prig, and you always were."

"By Jove, Lord Penton, you want kicking!"

"Ha! I saw you wanted to row!"

"I confess I should like to see, by means of a pistol-ball, if you have any brains to blow out."

"That's enough! I'll fight you any time after daybreak to-morrow."

"That won't suit me."

"I tell you I can't fight you till after day-break."

"And I say you shall! A telegram may call me to my ship, and there would not be wanting men who would say I showed the white feather. There is no time for a quarrel as when the blood's on the boll. You began the row; I've a right to my time; and that time is—now!"

"I tell you I won't fight till after daybreak."

"And I say you shall!"

"Shall?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Thus!"

So speaking, he gave Lord Penton a swinging back-handed blow in the face.

"By heaven! I'm your man—at once!" said Lord Penton. "Tom" (this was to the friend who had been walking with him), "run up to the house, and fetch down some arms, and shot. You'll find lots in the library; ask Gregory to help you." Then, turning to Dorton, he said, "I'll teach you a lesson!"

"I did not know you could teach an honest man any lesson," said Dorton; and so saying, he fell silent, and lit a cigar.

But could Lord Penton have heard his opponent's thoughts, he would have listened to those which these words embody:—"This cad will not kill dear Eddy—I am Eddy's shield."

(To be continued in our next.)

NEW MUSIC.

"THE DUEL OF THE IRONSIDES QUADRILLE," and "THE IRONSIDES POLKA," by W. Pearson.—The momentous question of iron-sided vessels, in lieu of the old wooden walls, is the theme which Mr. Pearson has written most musically upon in the two works above. In "Le Pantalon" we are given "Prepare for action," "I, Ete," "The fight," "La Poudre," "Success of the Merrimac," "Trenise," "The duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor," and the grand finale—the "Success of the Monitor." Both pieces are spiritedly written, and must become popular. They are published by Sewell, 104, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.—"Gem of the Sea," composed by E. H. Lavette. London: R. Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street. A well-written melody, allied to tolerable verses, within the compass of most voices.

SUMMER.

Joy! for the Summer's smile is now at hand, And flowers grow voiceful as the breezes hush; And sweetest, loveliest lady of the land, The Rose is queen, and ruleth with a blush. The airy butterfly is on the wing, Robed in the colours of the golden day; Luring, like pleasure, through its mazy ring, The heedless steps that chase it on its way.

And youthful hearts, whose hopes are bright and brief, Where fairy forms o'er circled mead sweep by, Are met to choose between the flower and leaf, All mingled harmonies of sea and sky, Offering up notes of incense, fill the air; Joy is on earth, and gladness everywhere.

At a bootmaker's shop in Ipswich is exhibited the following notice, which, in the present state of the law of debtor and creditor, the tradesman has resorted to, and which probably may be effective:—"Whereas—owes me £2 19s, which has been due two years—this is to inform him, that unless it is paid within a week, I shall fill up the blank with his name and abode."

VARIATION IN THE PULSES OF DIFFERENT PERSONS.—Ordinarily in a healthy state the pulse beats from sixty-five to seventy, or seventy-five times in a minute. It is, however, at other times slower, even in health, and has occasionally been as low as fifty, forty, or even thirty-five. Napoleon's pulse was fifty-four, while Addison's was intermittent; Hooper says, Dr. Graves mentions a lady in whom it was thirty-five; and Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, another on whom it could not be felt in any part of the body. Dr. Thomson Williams knew a man who enjoyed perfect health, yet his pulse was only fifteen.

Varieties.

PLEASURE.—Pleasures, unduly taken, enervates the soul, makes fools of the wise, and cowards of the brave. A libertine's life is not a life of liberty.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM, in the arrangement of his own household, was so economical, that he was able to found a variety of hospitals, and comfort many poor persons with the sum which he had saved out of his usual expenditure of his revenues.

VICIOUS MEN.—Beware of men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality like themselves; and shun those public panderers who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and carry pollution into private families, and the hearts of individuals.

PLATE TAX.—An order was made in the House of Lords, in May, 1776, "that the Commissioners of his Majesty's Excise do indite circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect have plate, as also to those who have not regularly paid the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the accountant-general for household plate sent to the celebrated John Wesley a copy of the order. John's answer was laconic:—"Sir, I have two silver spoons in London, and two in Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread."

LAW.—We remember a worthy broken-hearted Irishman making his appearance before an eminent solicitor in London, to witness the winding up of a suit in which he had unfortunately been engaged. "Pray," said the man of papers and red tape, "for how long have you secured your residence?" "Why sir," answered the client, "knowing the delay of the Court of Chancery by sad experience, I have taken my house for six months." "Go along," exclaimed the attorney, "and get a lease for at least fourteen years." This is no joke, let our readers rest assured. We were ear-witnesses to the termination of a cause which had lasted vigorously forty years; and two more were within our personal knowledge which, having surpassed that age, bid fair to survive through half a century.

PROPAGATION OF SOUND.—When the ground is hard and dry, or rests upon a continuous stratum of rock, sound is propagated to a great distance, and hence it is the practice in many countries to ascertain the approach of horsemen by applying the ear to the ground; the sound of cannon has been heard at a great distance; guns discharged at Carlscrona were heard as far as Denmark—a distance of at least 120 miles. In sailing from Asia Minor to Egypt, Dr. Clark heard the sound of a sea-fight at a distance of 130 miles; Dr. Hearn heard guns fired at Stockholm, in 1685, at the distance of 180 British miles; and the cannonade of a naval engagement between the Dutch and English, in 1672, was heard across England, as far as Shrewsbury, and even in Wales, a distance of above 200 miles.

INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.—It is with us as with other things in nature, which, by motion, are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre—rust corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome, but from being shut up it groweth thick and putrid; if metals be employed they abide smooth and splendid, but lay them by and they soon contract rust; if the earth be belaboured with culture it yieldeth corn, but, laying neglected, it will be overgrown with brambles and thistles, and the better the soil is the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and state, by constant agitation. Every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use; in like manner the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant and wholesome exercise.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COURTSHIP.—In the district of Bemis Soar, a mountainous country inhabited entirely by Berber tribes, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barker of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held only once year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and maidens or widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves; but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure the traffic is carried on in the following manner.—Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock, dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market-place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behaviour. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barker the enamoured swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home. In this traffic, widows are at a low price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent of his bargain. She is his lawful wedded wife, and retains the purchase-money, which is her jointure or dowry. It is certain that this curious system of barter has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, who interdicts all courtship before marriage.

Wit and Wisdom.

WHY is a stick of candy like a horse?—Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

WHAT is the most sensible pain. A-cute rheumatism.

A SPORTING landlord on the Surrey side of the water was not long ago asked the meaning of Poig-a-Ballagh: "It's the Irish for 'Clear-the-Way,' isn't it?" said the inquirer. "I know nothing about the Irish," replied Boniface, bitterly, "but the English of it is, clear the pockets."

GOLDSMITH'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY.—A poor woman understanding that Dr Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking into sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas in a chip box, with the following label—"These must be used as necessities require—be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his tribe could administer.

AN IRISH COACHEMAN GAINING HIS FIRST PLACE.—The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gentleman, and he loved a joke. Well, there was plenty after the place; and to the first that went up to him, "Now, my man," says he, "tell me how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?" So the boy considers, and he says, says he, "Within a foot, please yer honour, and no harm." "Very well," says he, "go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by and by." So the next came up, and he said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next five inches; and another a dandified chap entirely, was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within three inches and a half, he'd go bail. Well, at last my turn came; and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I says, says I, "Please, yer honour, I'd keep as far off it as I could." "Very well, Mister Byrne," says he, "you're my coachman," says he. Ooh! the roar there was in the kitchen when I went down and told the joke.

AN IRISH BEGGAR.—Mathews, the comedian, had a great dislike to carry money about with him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, when in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry on horseback, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a shilling to pay the ferryman. Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the tender-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. Mathews, however, assured the applicant that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseless perseverance after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow a mite, he was at that moment in a situation to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (November), compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick, bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr. Mathews's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame, and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise he might leave his horse behind him as security, the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, "Then, your honour, I'll lend you the money!" "What, you! you who have been telling me of your poverty and misery for want of money?" "It's all true," eagerly interrupted the man; "it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was; there's no lie in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've some friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm told, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that reason; but is it for to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relief? Your honour's lame; now I've got my legs, anyhow, and that's a comfort, sure!" Then taking a dirty rag from his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelve pence, and proffered them to Mr. Mathews; who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, "How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it?" My house is several miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have said."

"Oh, thin, may be, when your honour meets another of my poor district countrymen, you'll pay him the twelve pence; sure it's the same in the end." Mr. Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity, but desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country. The man took his leave with "Long life to your honour," trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Mathews waited until his friends arrived; then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it.

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